

WILD WEST



A MAGAZINE CONTAINING STORIES, SKETCHES Etc. OF WESTERN LIFE.

FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 168 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK

No. 655.

NEW YORK, MAY 7, 1915.

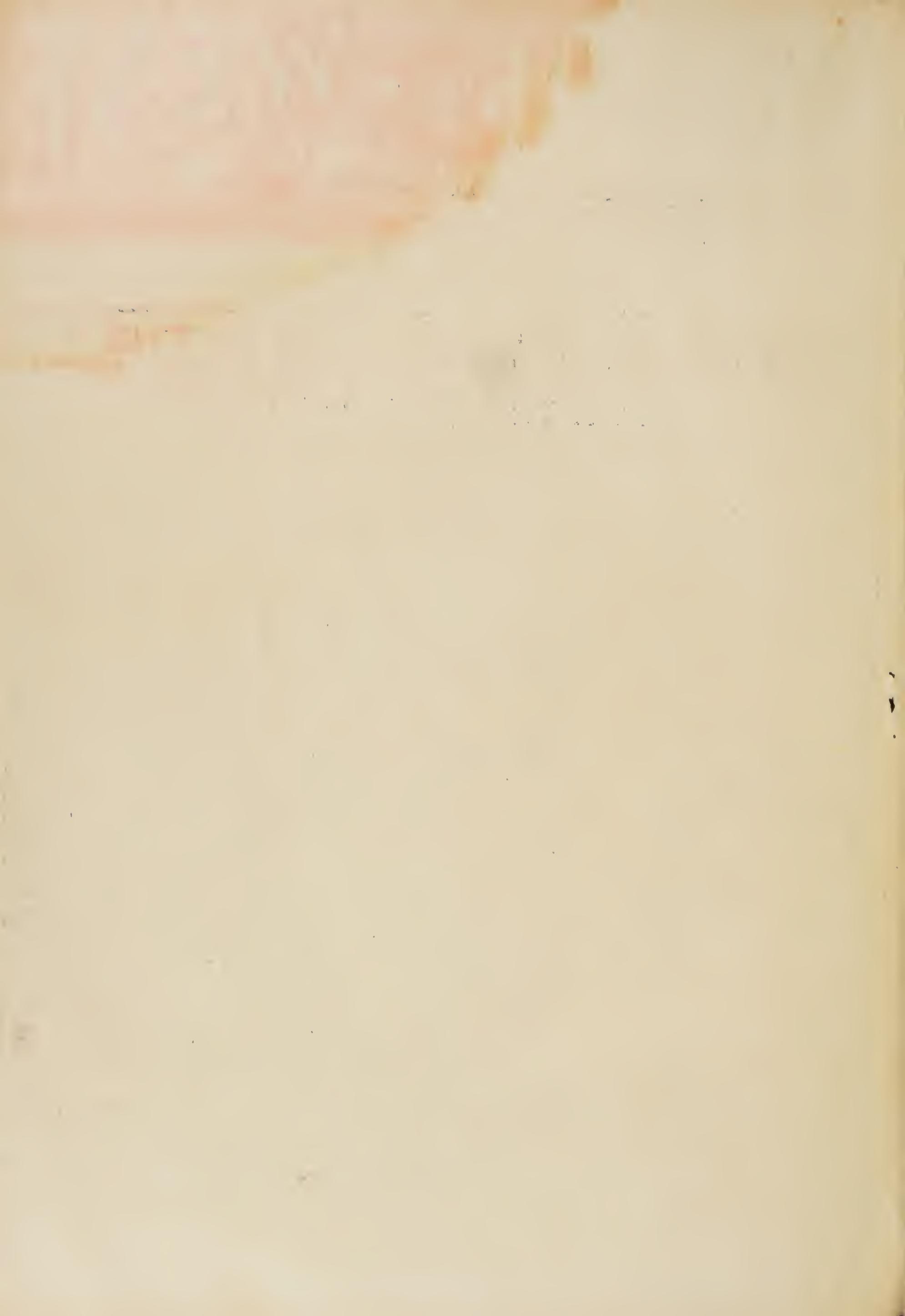
Price 5 Cents.

YOUNG WILD WEST AND THE TENDERFOOT; OR, A NEW-YORKER IN THE WEST.

By AN OLD SCOUT.



The black steed was certainly doing its level best, when the sorrel forged alongside of him, and then Wild's right hand grabbed Dandy Don by the collar of his coat and whisked him from the saddle!



WILD WEST WEEKLY

A Magazine Containing Stories, Sketches, Etc., of Western Life

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1915, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 168 West 23d Street, New York. Entered at the New York, N. Y., Post Office as Second-Class Matter.

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Young Wild West and the Tenderfoot

— OR —

A NEW YORKER IN THE WEST

By AN OLD SCOUT

CHAPTER I.

THE TENDERFOOT ARRIVES.

The stage-coach that was due at 11.30 a. m. at Weston came in nearly half an hour late.

It was not an uncommon thing for the outfit to be held up by road agents and roving bands of Sioux Indians, and it was the opinion of old Sam Murdock, the postmaster, and a great many others, that such a thing had happened again.

But when they saw the stage-coach come rattling and bumping along with driver Shep Morey handling the ribbons in the regular way, they nodded to each other and were almost ready to swear that they had felt certain right along that nothing had happened to the outfit.

Among those standing in front of the post-office waiting for the mail was Young Wild West.

The young scout looked a little surprised when the driver called him the instant he brought the four horses to a standstill.

"What's the trouble, Shep?" he asked.

"There's a tenderfoot an' a bad man inside," Shep answered. "They've been havin' trouble all ther way from Spondulicks, an' I believe they made an arrangement to fight it out as soon as they got here. The tenderfoot says he hails from New York, an' after sizin' him up, I think he's too nice a chap to be shot down by ther bad man, who calls himself Demon-Drive Dick."

"All right, Shep, I'll see to it that the New Yorker has fair play," and with that Young Wild West walked around to the side of the coach where the passengers were getting out.

There were only four of them, and the two first to get out were bearded, rough-looking men, who had evidently spent their last dollar in order to get to the Black Hills and better their fortunes.

The next to alight was a good-looking, well-built young man, of something less than twenty-five.

He wore a neat-fitting brown sack suit and a derby of the same color, and his shoes looked as though they had been painted within a day or two.

The expression on his face was one of anger and determination, and stepping back a couple of paces he waited in front of the door for the other passengers to get out.

The next moment the bad man the driver had spoken of appeared.

He was a big, hulking fellow, dressed after the regular style of a cowboy, and the lower part of his face was completely obscured by a fierce reddish brown mustache and chin whiskers.

Sometimes the man had got hold of a number of medals, and these were pinned on his shirt front in gorgeous array.

"Well, you blamed tenderfoot!" he exclaimed, facing the

young man, "you said if I spit on your shoes ag'in you'd show me somethin'. Now, I'm goin' to do it, so you may as well tell these people how you want to be buried!"

"See here, Mr. Demon-Drive Dick, as you call yourself, I don't want any muss with you," was the rather calm reply. "When I first got in the stage over in Spondulicks, you tried to pick a muss with me by calling me a tenderfoot and poking all manner of fun at me. When I did not notice the taunts you made at me, you had sense enough to stop for a while. But it did not last very long, for you soon began to try and rub the blacking off my shoes with your boot soles. Then, when I moved my feet as far from you as possible, you tried to spit tobacco juice on my shoes."

"That's exactly what I did, young feller. An' you showed what a blamed fool you was by gettin' mad. You said if I wanted to spit on your shoes, for me to wait till we got out of ther wagon, an' then if I done it you'd smash me in the jaw."

"That's just what I said, and you would have shot me right then and there if it had not been for the other two passengers, who told you that you had better not."

"See here, you sizzlin' tenderfoot! You've said about enough, you have. I'm a bad man from Texas, an' my name is Demon-Drive Dick. Look out fer yerself now, for ther fun are about to start!"

Then the bad man let fly a mouthful of tobacco juice, which struck one of the polished shoes the young man wore.

There was not an ounce of cowardly blood in the tenderfoot's veins, it seemed, for he sprang forward and dealt Demon-Drive Dick a smashing blow between the eyes, which caused him to stagger back against the stage-coach.

"That's the way we do it in New York," cried the young fellow, and with that he caught the man's neck under his left arm and began pummeling his face unmercifully.

A murmur of admiration went up from the crowd.

There was scarcely a man there who did not sympathize with the New Yorker, but the most of them thought his triumph would be short-lived.

They expected to see the bad man begin to pour lead into him in a very short time.

And that is just what Demon-Drive Dick meant to do, for he wriggled himself free, and darting under the wagon, came out on the other side, his eyes blazing with fury and his revolver in his hand.

He raised the weapon to end the life of the tenderfoot then and there, but before he could fire Young Wild West leaped forward and knocked his arm upward.

Crack!

The bullet went in the air and sped on its way in harmless flight.

"Fair play, Mr. Demon-Drive Dick!" exclaimed the handsome boy, as coolly as though he was simply enjoying a chat with the man. "That young man is not used to the ways of these parts, and after taking a whole lot of insults from you, he knocked you down with his fists. If you want to fight with him, why don't you go at him with your hands?"

Young Wild West still had hold of the man's wrist, just as he had caught it when he threw his arm up.

His eyes were fixed on those of the big cowboy in a way that showed he was in earnest, and the enraged fellow did not make a move or say a word for the space of several seconds.

Then he blurted out:

"Who in thunder are you, young feller?"

"That makes no difference to you who I am. I say there is going to be fair play here, and there is."

"An' I'll bet a thousand on it," said Landlord Brown of the Gazoo Hotel, who was one of the crowd. "There is goin' to be fair play, an' there ain't a soul of us what is goin' to interfere. Young Wild West will attend to it. Ther tenderfoot is a good one, an' I reckon he kin do you, you big, ugly-lookin' coward!"

Demon-Drive Dick did not make any reply to this fling at him.

His anger was increasing, if anything, and suddenly he made an effort to throw Young Wild West aside.

But it was only an effort, for the young scout simply gave his wrist a twist and bent it over his back with a lightning-like motion, and the bad man dropped upon his knees with a howl of pain.

The next thing he saw was the muzzle of a revolver within a few inches of his nose.

"Off with your belt now," was the command from Young Wild West. "You have got to fight the New Yorker the way they do it in his town. If a man spits on another out here he generally gets shot, unless he is awfully quick; but in the East it is different. He gets knocked down by a fist blow there. Ah, that is it! Get that belt off, so you won't have a knife or shooter to fall back on if you get the worst of it."

Demon-Drive Dick had come to the conclusion that he had better do as Young Wild West told him.

He had heard of the young prince of the saddle and dead-shot before, but this was the first time he had ever seen him.

He was getting cooler all the time, too, and when he handed the belt containing his weapons to Wild, he acted as though he thought he could easily whip the tenderfoot with his hands.

"I'll fight him any way that suits ther crowd," he said. "An' after I've whipped him, to show that I ain't no bluffer, I'll stand off at ten paces with any one in this blamed town an' see who's who with a six-shooter!"

This challenge had the effect of making the men in the crowd open their eyes.

They had taken the bad man for a coward, but that did not look as though he was.

"We will have the fist fight first," said Young Wild West. "After that is over, if you insist on shooting, I will guarantee to find some one who will accommodate you."

"Good enough," and Demon-Drive Dick acted as though he was really delighted.

The crowd had increased, until now there were fully a hundred men and boys there.

It had spread about like a flash that there was going to be a fist fight, and as fist fights were not very common in Weston, every one wanted to see it.

An open circle was quickly made, and then Wild told the two they could go at it as soon as they liked.

The young man who hailed from New York wore a confident smile, and did not wait for any further invitation to let himself go.

He sailed right in and fetched his big opponent a heavy smash on the chin which jarred him to the heels of his boots.

Then he gave him two more in rapid succession in the same place, while Demon-Drive Dick's arms were beating in the air after the fashion of a windmill.

The bad man staggered back a few steps, and then recovering his equilibrium, he made a rush at the tenderfoot.

But though powerful and strong, he was not quick enough to catch his agile opponent.

The result was that he missed him by at least two feet, and then he received a right-hand swing on the ear which sent him sprawling upon the ground face down.

But Demon-Drive Dick was not satisfied yet!

He was more determined than ever to get hold of the New Yorker and crush the breath out of him by brute force.

Probably he could have done this if he could have once managing to get him in his grasp.

But the young man seemed to know this, and he saw to it that he did not get caught.

There was plenty of room, and all he had to do was to dodge and hit whenever he got the opportunity.

The next time the cowboy came for him with head down like a mad bull.

As before, the tenderfoot sidestepped, and then his right fist shot upward with terrific force.

The blow caught the bad man on the side of the jaw and he rolled over like a stricken ox.

It was fully a half minute before he came to, and then he was so dazed that he meekly allowed himself to be led to a bench in front of the post-office by a couple of the miners.

"Give me a drink of whisky," he gasped.

Some one was kind enough to go over to the Gazoo and oblige him, and after he had swallowed the fiery stuff, Demon-Drive Dick looked around him as though he were trying to get his bearings.

"I got licked, I guess," he said, after a pause. "Well, all right. I'll try him some other time. Where's my belt?"

Young Wild West stepped over and handed it to him.

The bad man took it and buckled it about him without a word.

Then he got up and walked over to the Gazoo, most of the crowd following him.

The fighting was all over, and the crowd knew it.

"I am very much obliged to you," said the young man from New York, walking up to Wild and putting out his hand. "You certainly saved my life, for it is almost certain that the big coward would have shot me. I have a revolver in my pocket, but I did not want to draw it, for fear that others would take a hand in it."

"I was bound that you would have fair play," replied the young scout, as he shook hands with him. "If he had not given in when I interfered I would have ended his career in very short order. That is the way we do business out here. There are lots of so-called bad men like him to be found in the West, and in some places they run things pretty much as they want to. But out here in Weston they don't, because we won't allow them to. The driver tells me that you hail from New York?"

"Yes, New York city is my birthplace, and where I have always lived. I left three weeks ago to come out to the Black Hills and make my fortune. My name is Rex Moore."

"Well, mine is Young Wild West. I rather think we shall be friends. I will probably give you a lift in your effort to make a fortune out here in the hills. Here come four of my partners; I want to introduce them to you."

The four who were making their way towards Young Wild West and the tenderfoot were Jim Dart, Cheyenne Charlie, Jack Robede and Dove-Eye Dave.

Wild introduced them to Rex Moore, and all shook hands with him in the bluff, hearty way so common to the West.

"Young Wild West just saved me from being riddled with bullets," said the young New Yorker. "I will never forget him for that!"

"Young Wild West is ther whitest boy that ever straddled a horse!" cried Dove-Eye Dave, waving his hat to emphasize his words; "an' ther one that says he ain't kin have me for a target!"

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW YORKER DECIDES TO BECOME A WESTERNER.

Rex Moore was overjoyed at the way things had turned out. The truth of the matter was that he had expected to be shot.

He had read considerable of life in the West, and realized when Demon-Drive Dick first begun to insult him that he was in for it.

He held his temper as long as he could, and when he did let go he made up his mind that it was a case of do or die.

But now, if he was any judge, he had gained the friendship of the most popular person in all Weston—Young Wild West.

"I haven't much money," he said, when the conversation waned a little. "It cost more than I thought it would to get out here. I wish you would kindly drive me to the cheapest hotel, and then give me an idea of how I must go to work to get a claim to work."

"I tell you what you can do," Wild answered. "Come over and take dinner with Jim, Jack and I. We run a regular bachelor establishment. We have a fine Chinese cook, so you need not be afraid that our meals won't be all right."

"I am ever so much obliged to you for the invitation, but I don't want to shove myself on your hospitality. I would rather—"

"You will come right along with us," Jim Dart interrupted. "We expect to pay a visit to the great city of New York some day, so I make a move that you stop with us for a while, just so we can hear all about New York."

"I second the motion!" exclaimed Jack Robedee.

"All right, then," laughed Wild. "I'll vote on it and say ay! Come on, Rex Moore, Tenderfoot from New York. It's all settled."

"Well, I never expected to be treated like this," and young Moore went along with them to their house, that was just in the rear of the office of the Wild West Mining and Improvement Co.

Wing Wah, the Chinese cook, always made it a point to have plenty of food on meal times, as he never knew just how many Young Wild West would bring with him to eat.

And so it was on this occasion.

Rex Moore sat down to the best meal he had eaten since he left Chicago.

After dinner they all went down to the office, and the New Yorker was introduced to Walter Jenkins, the foreman of the mines owned by the company.

He, too, had been a sort of tenderfoot, and he welcomed Rex Moore in a hearty manner.

"You certainly have struck some of the best people on earth," he said. "There is only one thing I don't admire about Young Wild West and the rest of them, and that is, they are always running into danger, when there is no need of it. Jim, Charlie and Jack would follow Wild anywhere, and he is just as liable to lead them out on the prairie to tackle a band of a hundred Indians as he would to take them down to make a raid on some one-horse gambling den. Young Wild West has one great thing to learn yet."

"And what is that?" asked the tenderfoot, who was very much interested.

"What the word fear means!"

"See here," said Wild, who overheard the last part of the conversation, "what are you giving our friend from the East?"

"He has not told me anything I did not already know," spoke up Moore. "I could see what you were made out of when you tackled the bad man and saved my life. I should very much like to learn to shoot and ride like you fellows, and then I could go out on some of your dangerous rackets with you."

"We will teach you. But the next thing on hand is to put you in the way of making some money. What did you work at in New York?"

"A bookkeeper," and Rex Moore blushed as though he was ashamed to say it.

"Good!" exclaimed Jim Dart, jumping to his feet. "I must say that our business has grown so much of late that I can no longer keep the books with my limited knowledge of book-keeping. Suppose you take my place for a while? I guess the company can afford to pay you fifty dollars a week to keep things straight."

"Do you mean that?"

"Certainly he does," put in Wild. "Jim is like myself, he never says anything he does not mean, unless it be in a joke, and everybody understands it that way. We will pay you fifty dollars a week for a starter, and you can buy a piece of land from us on the instalment plan, if you want to; or you can go out a little farther and stake out a claim of your own. If you do buy of us, we won't take a cent from you till the money you have paid us has been taken from the soil. There is plenty of gold out here, and all you have to do is to dig for it. Sometimes a fellow strikes it big right on the start, and then, again, he might work a whole month and not make enough to pay for his ammunition that he shoots his meat with. But this is a rich yielding spot around here, and I think if you were to put in a couple of hours each day you would make a little money."

"Well, I'll accept the position of bookkeeper for you, anyway, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for it."

"Don't mention it; you can start right in to work now, if you want to."

"I'm only too glad to do so."

He began to feel that his hopes of getting rich in the West would be realized, after all.

The tenderfoot proved himself to be an expert bookkeeper, and Jim Dart was delighted.

He would not be confined so close to the office now.

When closing the office, Cheyenne Charlie offered to give him a lesson in riding and shooting, and the young man

said he was glad of the opportunity and promptly expressed his willingness.

Young Wild West was the owner of any number of riding suits such as were worn in the West, and when he offered to let the tenderfoot have one of them he was delighted.

"Just the thing!" he exclaimed. "Then I will look like a Westerner, if I am not one."

Our hero went to the house with him, and when they came back about ten minutes later there was a big change in Rex Moore's appearance.

He was about Wild's size, and the suit he had donned could not fit him any better if it had been made for him.

Cheyenne Charlie had brought his horse over, and as the animal was a real gentle one, everything was in favor of the New Yorker.

The first thing Charlie did was to mount and ride up and down himself.

Then he told Rex to do it in the same way, if he could.

As the young man had never been in the saddle before, he was, of course, rather awkward at first, but our friends did not laugh at him, which was encouraging to him more than anything else.

After he had made three or four attempts with more or less success, he turned to Wild and said:

"I have got an idea that I could do better if I had some one to ride along with me to give me a few points as to the proper poise, and so forth. Mr. West, I think you would be just the one."

"All right; I'll accommodate you, then; but please don't mister me any more. I like my friends to call me by my name, which is Wild. I'll get my horse right away, and show you all I can."

As our hero said this, he turned and saw Ike, the colored fellow, who did the outside work around the house, and promptly told him to go and get Spitfire, his horse.

When the handsome steed was brought out the man had all he could do to hold him, but a word from Wild and he calmed down instantly.

He knew his master, and he was the only one he would obey readily.

Wild arranged the girths to suit him and then mounted.

Rex Moore watched his every move, and then tried to imitate him in getting into the saddle.

He did it remarkably well this time, and Charlie and the rest applauded him.

Then Wild West set out on a gallop up the canyon a way and back.

The tenderfoot came right after him, riding better every second, it seemed.

As soon as Cheyenne Charlie thought he had learned to ride well enough to do a little shooting from the saddle, he set up a white stone on the stump of a tree and called for him and Wild to halt.

"Wild," said the scout, "show him what you can do with the revolver while riding at full speed. Now, then, Moore, do as Wild does, or try to, I should say."

"All right," was the reply. "I'll do my best."

Young Wild West started on a full gallop, taking a large circle. When he came around to the stone he fired two shots, one of them hitting it and knocking it off the stump.

Cheyenne Charlie quickly ran out and placed it back again for the New Yorker, who was coming at full speed, his revolver in his hand, ready to fire.

He fired and missed it.

Then Wild came around again and hit it twice.

Moore missed again, but he did not grow discouraged.

"I'll learn after a while," he shouted to Charlie.

When Wild emptied both his revolvers he came to a stop. He had hit the stone nine times out of twelve.

Moore had five shots to fire before his twelve would be gone, and as yet he had not hit the mark once, though he grazed the stump twice.

He kept on riding around, and at the last shot he struck the stone and caused it to roll off, the same as Wild had done on the start.

"Hurrah!" cried Moore. "I may be a tenderfoot, but I'm learning how to shoot."

"And ride, too," said Wild. "You are doing nobly."

It was about supper time, so they gave it up for the day.

"Since you have been kind enough to give me this riding suit, the next thing I want is a horse, and I'm going to have a good one as soon as I can get the money together."

"You go and have a talk with Dove-Eye Dave—the tall man you were introduced to to-day. He has two or three extra horses, and if you tell him that you are working for the com-

pany, and that I sent you to him, he will probably give you a bargain for a very little cash down. If you want a horse, I can't advise you any better than to do this."

"Well, I do want a horse, and I'll do just as you say. I never knew I wanted a horse until now, and I want one badly."

"You have got ther fever," laughed Jack Robedee.

"Yes, if you stick to us, we will make a regular Westerner of you," added Cheyenne Charlie.

"Thank you. Nothing would suit me any better."

Rex Moore was going to take off the riding suit that fitted him so well before sitting down to supper, but Wild told him to keep it on.

"We will take a walk around town by and by, so keep it on," said he. "Let those who saw you whip Demon-Drive Dick to-day know that you have decided to try and be a Westerner."

Don't let any of them bluff you, either. If any of the men get reckless and try to scare you by drawing a gun on you, try to get yours out first. If you think a man really means to shoot you, just shoot him first! That is the way we have to do it out here."

"All right, I will do just as you say, Wild," was the reply. "My confidence is placed in you, and what you say I'll do, even if I think it is wrong."

It was just about dusk, when Wild, Jim, Jack and Rex Moore left the house and started to take a turn about town.

The place had been growing wonderfully of late, and there was a brand new hotel that our friends had not visited yet.

The place had opened a couple of nights before, but Wild had heard very little concerning it, beyond the fact that the proprietor was a very ugly looking man called Bowery Bill, and he boasted of having served a sentence of six years in Sing Sing prison, New York State.

Our hero was satisfied that he was one of the kind who could really be called "bad," and that was why he wanted to take the tenderfoot to the new place.

Whatever the man might have been, he had pretty good taste in the matter of a building, for his hotel had been built on a larger and better scale than any building in Weston.

It had been in course of construction some little time, but Bowery Bill had not come in town until it was completed and stocked.

Then he came and took formal charge of it.

The bar was pretty well packed when our friends walked in, and almost the first man they took notice of was Demon-Drive Dick.

The bad man, as he chose to call himself, had been drinking heavily, and seemed to be in a mood for almost anything.

"Hello, Yeung Wild West!" he called out, as his eyes lighted on our hero. "Come up an' drink with me."

"Much obliged," answered Wild, "but I never take whisky." "Well, take what you want, then."

"Very well, I'll have a cigar with you."

"Give him the best in the house, landlord," cried the drunken cowboy. "They say he's the king-pin of Weston, so nothin' is too good for him!"

"That's right," answered the man behind the bar, who was no other than Bowery Bill, the proprietor. "Young Wild West, I'm real glad to meet you. I've heard a whole lot said about you since I've been in your town, an' I have been waitin' to get acquainted with yon."

Wild shook hands with the man, as a matter of course, but he took a strong dislike to him right then and there.

Bowery Bill had one glass eye, and there were two or three scars on his face and neck which gave him anything but a pleasing appearance.

But that was not what made Wild take a dislike to him particularly; it was his manner and his voice.

The young scout was enough a student of human nature to know that the man's manner was affected, and that he did not mean a word of what he was saying.

"From what he has heard of me he does not like me, I guess," thought Wild. "And if that is the case, he has come here for the purpose of doing something else. Besides running an honest business. Well, let him show his hand as soon as he has a mind to. He will find me ready for him."

CHAPTER III.

DANDY DAN COMES TO TOWN.

The new hotel was called "The Ram's Horn," a name that was very suggestive.

If "crooked" business was to be done there, the name was a proper one, and if it was to be run on a "straight" plan, what was the difference? There was nothing in a name, anyway.

But Young Wild West could not get it out of his head but that the place was to be one of the bad ones of that section of country.

But as long as Bowery Bill treated him and his friends all right he was not going to bother his head about the place, unless there got to be complaints about it.

Wild took his cigar with Demon-Drive Dick, and then, according to his usual custom, he treated everybody in the place.

It cost the boy a whole lot of money when he made the rounds of the hustling little mining town, but he was making lots of it, and so he did not care.

The bad man did not recognize Rex Moore at first, because he wore a suit common to that section, but when he did see him he began to show signs of getting ugly.

The thrashing he had received that noon had been very humiliating to him, and it was plain that he hated the tenderfoot for it.

"Hello, you New Yorker!" he cried. "What are you tryin' to do—disguise yourself?"

"No," replied Moore, quietly. "I am saving my other clothes to wear when I go back East."

"Well, I don't think you will ever need 'em, then. The chances are that you'll die right in these diggin's with your boots on."

"If I do; I hardly think you will be responsible for it!" answered the New Yorker, much to Wild's satisfaction.

"What do yer mean by that, you measly tenderfoot?" roared Demon-Drive Dick, clapping his hand on his revolver.

"Just what I said, you big hulking coward!" and a revolver was in the tenderfoot's hand instantly, the muzzle being leveled at the bad man's breast.

The crowd in the barroom drew back on both sides with amazing quickness.

Both men were almost total strangers to those present, and they expected to see the preliminaries to a funeral.

Moore did not flinch, but kept his eyes on those of the cowboy.

If the fellow made the least move to raise his revolver he was going to shoot.

The words of Young Wild West were in his mind just then, and he was going to act strictly on the advice given him.

But Demon Drive Dick did not attempt to pull the weapon from the holster.

He had sense enough to realize that the officer in the New Yorker's eye was a dangerous one.

"Guess you have been takin' some lessons, Mr. Tenderfoot."

be said, with an affected laugh. "Who's been learnin' yer—Young Wild West?"

"That's just the man. You hit the nail right on the head, Mr. Deader-Drive Dick. Now take your hand away from your revolver, and if it gets there again while I am looking at you, you will be the one to die with your boots on and not me!"

"Well, well!" and the bad man turned and walked over to the men he had been making himself friendly with, as though the whole thing was a big joke.

But if he tried to make it out a joke no one else thought so.

Wild was just about to propose that they go on to the next place when the clatter of horses' hoofs came to their ears, and the next moment a clean-limbed black horse came in through the door of the barroom and did not halt until the bar was reached.

In the saddle was a dark, sinister man of thirty-five, handsome and graceful.

He was attired in a handsome riding costume of velvet, and the expensive sombrero that adorned his head was of a light brown, with gold braid around it.

A huge diamond pin sparkled in the front of his richly embroidered silk shirt, and the butts of the revolvers and the hilt of a hunting-knife that could be seen protruding above the fancy leather belt was of ivory with gold mountings.

The horse was pawing the floor of the barroom nervously when the rider spoke.

"Gentlemen," said he, in an easy-going voice that was a trifle musical. "I am glad to meet you all! I am Dandy Don of Deadwood, and I have come all the way to Weston to see my old pard, Bowery Bill. Hello, Bill! How are you, old pard?" and he put out his hand and gave the hotel proprietor a hearty shake.

"First rate, Don! First rate!" was the reply, as Bowery Bill returned the grip, and there was no doubt in Wild's mind that he was in earnest when he said it.

"Got a fine place here, Bill. Give everybody a drink," and then he forced his horse back in a playful manner and made him dance about in the center of the room.

"The floor will hold him all right," said Bowery Bill, with a laugh. "I knowed you would be comin' some time, so I had it made good an' strong. I know when you come in to get a drink you generally ride right in."

"That's right. I've never been stopped from doing it yet," said Dandy Don, and then he looked around at the crowd to see what sort of an impression he was making.

There were those who seemed to be awed by his presence, and there were others who were simply amused at his braggadoci and dandified airs.

But one thing was certain. The man did present a fine appearance.

The horse he rode was a magnificent beast, too, and the gaudy trappings and the rider's fancy costume made a picture that was bound to attract the attention of any one but a blind man.

Our four friends stood back among the crowd, looking on with the rest, and when all hands stepped up to drink with Dandy Don they came up, too.

Bowery Bill did not put whisky out to Wild; he simply handed him a cigar, which showed that he had been pretty well posted about the young deadshot's way of doing things when a man tried to force whisky upon him.

Dandy Don was about to raise his glass to his lips when his host gave a sally.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "I came near forgetting myself. Sultan wants his drink. A pall of water, Bill, and see that it is a clean pall. And when you get it put it right on the bar. I've got the best horse in all creation, and nothing is too good for him."

The landlord's helper soon had the water, and when it was set on the bar before the horse, Dandy Don raised his glass again.

"Here's happy days, boys!"

When every one had imbibed, the dandy horseman dismounted.

"Your hostler, Bill," he said. "I've come over to stay with you a few days."

"I'm real glad of that, Don. You'll find that I've got the best accommodations in this town."

"So I imagined when I rode in. Now, then, I would like to go to my room at once. I want to make a change in my costume, and then buck the tiger a bit before I turn in."

As soon as the hostler had taken charge of the horse, Bowery Bill came from behind the bar and led the dandy rider to another part of the house.

"Here's a nice room, Don," he said, leading the way up a flight of stairs. "Didn't any one else come with you?"

"Yes, Faro Fan, my Chinese servant, and my expected bride. They are waiting for the biggest part of the population to go to bed before they come in town. The girl objects to marrying me, you know, and she does not want to stay in our company, even."

"Whew! Where did you git ther gal, Don?"

"In Deadwood. I thought this would be as safe a place as any to bring her, though I must say that it is a bigger town than I thought. You have got a minister here, haven't you?"

"Yes, I've heard say there is one. But you want to go careful in this business, Don. Ther boss of ther town is only a boy, but they say he's a terror ag'in anything that's bad."

"What! The boss of the town a boy! You are joking, Bowery Bill."

"No, I ain't jokin'. I've heard enough about him from fellers I kin trust to know that he's about as tough a customer as one would wauter buck up against. To-night is the first I seen him, an' when I had looked him over carefully I made up my mind that he was pretty dangerous."

"What name does this boy go by, Bill?"

"Young Wild West."

"Oh! Seems to me that I've heard of him over in Deadwood. You say he is only a boy. How did he become the boss of the town?"

"By his nerve an' his straight shootin'. I've heard say," replied Bowery Bill, acting as though he was trying hard to impress his guest with what he was saying.

"Well, I'd like to have a look at the boy that is the boss of this town," and Dandy Don nodded as though he would make short work of him, in case it became necessary.

"Why, he was in ther barroom when you rode in on ther back of Sultan."

"Bill, you don't mean to tell me that!"

"Yes, I do. While I am at it, I might as well tell you that I done somethin' to try an' keep the pair of you from comin' together. You see, this Young Wild West is a strict temperance feller. He never drinks whisky, but he is willin' to pay for it for any one else to drink. He's laid a few men low who have tried to make him drink at ther p'int of ther revolver. I knowed that if you had seen him take a cigar that cost a half dollar you would have asked him why he didn't drink; so I simply did not put ther whisky to him. I knowed what he wanted, so I just give him ther cigar."

"Bowery Bill, you are a fool! As if you think I would be afraid of this Young Wild West, or any one else!"

"I didn't once think you were afraid of him," replied the hotel keeper, apologetically. "But I did think that if you knowed Young Wild West wouldn't take a drink of whisky with you, there would have been trouble, an' from what I have heard of him you'd have got downed."

Dandy Don broke out into a laugh.

"Bowery," said he, "yon ought to know that I have stacked up against the best of them and never got downed. You know who it was that calmed Wild Bill Hickok, an' you know how I took the starch out of Bill Cody a couple of years ago. Buffalo meant to do me that day, but I showed him that I could draw quicker than he. I only spared him, Bill, because I knew if he went under I would be a marked man. And now you think I would get the worst of it if I tackled this boy you call Young Wild West."

"I think you would be worse than a marked man, if you did, Dandy Don. I think yon would be a dead man!"

"Well, we will have a chance to see how near you are right," and again the handsome rider laughed.

CHAPTER IV.

"A GAME OF SHOOT ON SIGHT!"

Young Wild West and his friends did not remain in the bar-room of the Ram's Horn very long after Dandy Don had been conducted to a room by the proprietor.

There were other things to show the tenderfoot, and Wild wanted him to see all there was going on in town.

There were now four places that went by the name of hotels in Weston, and the best of them was certainly Brown's Gazoo.

Two were regular gambling houses, each having a shady reputation, but it remained to be seen what sort of a place the new one would be.

Wild concluded to take Rex over to the Gazoo first and introduce him to Brown.

There were not very many in there, the new place having drawn the crowds that night.

Brown was always glad to see Young Wild West come in the place.

As soon as he saw him now he came from behind the bar and shook hands with him.

Then he shook hands with Jim and Jack, too, after which Rex Moore was introduced.

"I know about you," said Brown. "You are the tenderfoot who licked ther big cowboy who took so much pains to tell us he was such a bad man. That was ther best fight I've seen in many a day, an' it makes me laugh when I think about it. You had better look out for that fellow, though, for he will be bound to pick a muss with you and drop you with a bullet."

"He tried that only a quarter of an hour ago, and got badly fooled," replied the New Yorker.

"Is that so?"

"Yes, that is right," spoke up Jim Dart. "We have just been in the new hotel, and we left Mr. Demon-Drive Dick there when we came out. He was pretty well cowed down, too, for our tenderfoot frnd here certainly showed that he was quick enough to get the drop on him to-night. He wilted like a tender blade of grass taking its first dose of sunshine."

"You don't say!" and Brown looked admiringly at Moore.

"You don't look like a tenerfoot now, I must say," he added. "All you want now is a little of the kind of nerve that Young Wild West has got, an' you'll be all right."

"Oh! He is bound to get along all right," spoke up Wild. "We have hired him to work for the company, and he means to stay here in Weston with us. In about a month, I guess, they won't call him a tenderfoot any more."

Dove Eye Dave came in just at that moment.

The old man liked an occasional drink of whisky, and he generally came to the Gazoo to get it.

"Here is the man you want to see, Rex," remarked Wild. "Let me have a cigar, Brown, and see what the rest will have."

"Well, here I am. Look at me," the old man an' were I with a laugh. "Mine is a little red eye, Brown."

"Yes," resumed Wild. "Our tenderfoot from New York wants to buy a good horse."

"Well, I reckon I am jest ther man as kin 'commbdate him, then. He kin come right over an' look at what I've got for sale right now, if he wants ter."

"To-morrow morning will do, I guess; unless you want to go now, Rex."

"Well, I don't know as it would do any harm for me to go over and look at the horses now," said Moore, who plainly was anxious to see what kind of horseflesh Dove-Eye had for sale.

"All right. Take a walk over with him. Dove-Eye, if he picks out a horse, let him take it as soon as he wants it, and charge the same to me. I'll pay you, and the New Yorker will pay me at his own convenience."

Moore was about to thank Wild, but he waved him off.

"Go and look at the horses," he observed. "We will wait here till you come back."

The two had not been gone over five minutes when Lively Rick, one of the citizens of Devil Creek, came riding up.

As he dismounted to tie his horse, Wild and Jim stepped out to see who the new arrival was.

"Hello, boys!" exclaimed the miner. "Things got so dull over at ther Creek that I thought I'd take a ride over here. Anything new?"

"Yes," answered Wild. "There is a new hotel here."

"The one that was bein' built when I was over here last, I s'pose."

"Yes. It really is the finest building we have in town, though I can't say that I think a great deal of the proprietor."

"Is he a stranger?"

"Yes; I never heard of him before."

"What's his name?" asked Lively Rick.

"I believe he calls himself Bowery Bill."

"What! I guess I know him, then. Only got one eye, ain't he?"

"That's right."

"Well, he was over in Deadwood a couple of months ago. He run ther toughest place there, which is sayin' a whole lot. A good many who put up there were never seen after they went to their rooms."

"According to that, my impression of him is all right then," said Young Wild West, turning to Jim. "When I take a dislike to a man it is safe to say that he is not what he ought to be. Come in, Lively. Robedee is inside. You want to ask him if it is true that he is engaged to be married again."

The miner from Devil Creek grinned broadly when he heard this.

He was thinking of how the widow over in his town had jilted Jack.

He went inside and found Robedee watching a game of draw poker that had just been started in the back room.

"Hello, Jack, old pard!" he exclaimed. "How are you gettin' along? I heard over at the Creek yesterday that you was engaged to be married. It ain't a widder ag'in, is it?"

"I guess you never heard anything like that over at Devil Creek," retorted Jack, shaking hands with him. "I suppose Wild and Jim have been telling you a lot of nonsense."

"Well, ain't it so that you are engaged to be married?"

"What if it is. You kin bet if it is so I'll get married this time, anyhow," and Robedee spoke as though he was dead sure this time.

"Well, you might, an' then ag'in you mi-hurt — some other feller comes along and steals her away. Then you —

"I ain't the least bit afraid of that hap'ning. How are you makin' out in that line? You ain't married yet, are you?"

"No, you kin jest bet that I wouldn't get married without havin' you fellers!"

Lively Rick threw out his chest as much as to say, "You ought to know me better than that."

Wild and the rest laughed, and then our hero stood treat for the four.

"I'd like to take a run over ter the new hotel," said Rick, a few minutes later. "I'd jest like to see for sure if it is ther Bowery Bill that I seen in Deadwood."

"We are waiting for a friend—a tenderfoot friend," replied Jim. "He has gone with Dove-Eye Dave to look at a horse, and when he comes back we will go over with you."

A few minutes later Rex Moore and Dove-Eye came back. The New Yorker was introduced to Lively Rick and took quite a notion to him.

"Well, how did you like the horses Dove-Eye showed you?" asked Wild.

"First rate. I think I will take the bay mare he showed me, though I can tell better in the daylight. They are all good beasts, of that I am sure."

"Yes, any of them would do. Jack, on a pinch, I guess. They are good saddle horses, and that is what you want."

After a little further talk they left the Gazoo to finish the rounds of the town.

"We want to show Moore the other two places first," said Wild to Rick. "We want to show him how the majority of the miners dispose of the gold dust they dig and sift from the dirt."

"That's right," was the retort. "We'll take in ther new place last."

They spent about half an hour in each place, nothing out of the ordinary happening in either, and then moved over towards the Ram's Horn.

The barroom was still crowded when they walked in, and when Bowery Bill saw Wild enter just a faint look of uneasiness crossed his face.

At the upper end of the bar Dandy Don and three or four of the Weston sports were throwing dice.

The stakes were pretty high, by the looks of the pile of gold on the bar.

"Hello, Bowery Bill!" cried Lively Rick, as soon as he saw the landlord and got a good look at him. "What in thunder are you doin' over this way?"

"How do you do, partner?" and the proprietor put out his hand. "Well, I got tired of Deadwood, an' come over to locate here. How have you been since I seen you last?"

"Fine as a fiddle. Things are awful quiet over at Devil Creek, so I come over to see my old friend Young Wild West."

As Rick said this, Dandy Don looked up, and almost the first person he saw was Wild.

He very quickly quit the game and moved down to where our friends were standing.

"Excuse me," he said politely, "but I just heard the name of Young Wild West. I have heard considerable of him since I came here to-night and would like to become acquainted with him."

"All right. I'll introduce you to him!" exclaimed Bowery Bill before any one else could say a word.

He felt pretty certain that there would be trouble between the two, and he meant to make them friends if he possibly could.

"Young Wild West, this is Dandy Don, an old friend of mine. You'll find him every inch a white man," he said. "And, Dandy Don, you'll find Young Wild West the same, so that won't be no trouble for you to make good friends from the start."

"I never make friends with any one till I know them pretty well," remarked Dandy Don, after he had shaken hands with our hero. "But I can't say that I am real pleased to meet

Young Wild West, who has made such a reputation here in Weston."

"You are something like me on that point," Wild answered, bound that he would not take a snub without answering it. "I never make friends with any one until I think I know them thoroughly. I can generally tell what a man is, though, after he has spoken half a dozen words to me."

"Is that so, youngster? Perhaps you can tell what sort of a man I am."

As Dandy Don said this he drew himself to his full height and looked rather contemptuously at Wild.

"You are what I would call a good-looking, conceited fellow, who sometimes is foolish enough to think that he owns the whole earth and every one in it!" said Wild, coolly. "You are somewhat on the brag, too, and I am of the opinion that you would rather play a crooked game of draw poker than a square one."

No one expected to hear such a reply as this, not even Jim or Jack, and for the space of a couple of seconds a deathly silence followed.

Dandy Don was plainly very much taken aback.

He had taken little stock in what Bowery Bill had told him about Young Wild West, and he expected to cower him at the start.

But now he fully realized that he had barked up the wrong tree.

Not that he was at all afraid of the handsome boy standing before him; to give him his due, the dandified horseman was no coward.

But he could read enough in the expression of the face before him to realize that he had stacked up against the toughest proposition he had ever met.

"Well, sir, are you satisfied with my opinion of you?" Wild asked, bent on seeing the thing through, now that the dashing man, who was so full of braggadocio, had started it.

"See here!" exclaimed Dandy Don, speaking just as coolly as Wild had. "Do you know that if it wasn't for the fact that you are so young I would shoot you for saying that?"

His hand dropped until it fell upon the butt of one of the gold-mounted revolvers in his belt as he said this.

"Don't you bother at all about my age, Mr. Dandy Don. You started this thing going, and now I want you to know that I am going to finish it! You just take your hand off that gun of yours, or I'll be compelled to break your wrist with a bullet!"

A hoarse murmur of surprise went up at this.

The handsome stranger had been spending his money freely with the men, and a great many were ready to sympathize with him.

"Don't let any one else attempt to take a hand in this game," Wild resumed, without taking his eyes off the face of his man. "If they do I will guarantee that there will be a few funerals in Weston to-morrow that have not yet been announced."

Demon-Drive Dick was one of the men who sympathized with Dandy Don.

He had drawn his revolver, but he happened to see that the tenderfoot had him covered, so he wilted in no time.

"Call it quits, gents, an' everybody have a drink with me!" cried Bowery Bill, who was in a fever of excitement, and expecting every minute to see his friend Dandy Don drop with a bullet in him.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Dandy Don, still speaking as coolly as he did before. "I'll agree to drop this thing for to-night, if Young Wild West will; and the first time we meet, be it to-morrow or any other time, it will be a game of shoot on sight. How about it?"

"Agreed!" exclaimed Young Wild West. "I shan't make it

my particular business to hunt you up in the morning, Dandy Don, but look out for me if we should happen to meet each other!"

"The same to you, Young Wild West!"

That settled the difficulty, as far as that night was concerned.

CHAPTER V.

ONLY ONE SHOT!

It was in the neighborhood of twelve o'clock when Young Wild West and his friends got home.

As they were entering the house they saw a figure coming down the mountain road and making for them.

"It's ther Chinee!" exclaimed Jack. "What in thunder is he doin' scoutin' around ther country this time o' night?"

"We will wait and see what he has to say," said Wild.

The next minute Wing Wah came running up, all out of breath.

He had not seen our friends standing in the shadow, and he was evidently very much in a hurry to get in the house.

"What's the matter, Wing?" Wild asked, stepping out in front of him.

"Goodee glacious!" gasped the cook, in great alarm.

"Where have you been?" went on our hero. "Come, I want to know right away."

"Been to see another Chinee," was the reply. "He allee samee good flend Wing Wah."

"Where is he?" questioned Jim.

"He go to new hotel, allee samee with two Melican women."

"Two American women!" echoed Wild. "Are you sure?"

"Belly sure! One Melican woman cry an' another allee samee laugh."

They questioned him for about ten minutes, but could get nothing further than this much out of him.

He said he had met the Chinaman in the early part of the evening, and that they had drinks and played fan tan ever since. He had only seen the women when they started for the hotel and did not know who they were, or where they came from.

"The fact of one of the women laughing and the other crying makes it seem rather strange," said Wild, when they had entered the house. "And as they went to the new hotel, it makes it appear as though there was some crooked work going on. We will have to keep an eye on the Ram's Horn and Bowery Bill."

"The one you should keep an eye on is Dandy Don," spoke up Moore. "You must not let him get the drop on you, by any means."

"I don't intend to," was the reply.

"It rather strikes me that he is a dangerous man," the tenderfoot resumed, with a shake of his head. "I hope he won't manage to fire the first shot when you do meet."

"Don't you worry," laughed Wild. "I am more than satisfied he is a dangerous man, too, and the sooner Weston is rid of him the better it will be for all good citizens. I can't say I enjoy the business of shooting scoundrels, and I never have done it yet, unless I have been forced to. This is a case where I either had to shoot Dandy Don to-night, or to-morrow, or some other time. It is not to my liking, I assure you, but it has got to be done."

The New Yorker looked at Young Wild West with a gaze that was naught but admiration.

He could not understand why it was that the young fellow was so confident that it would be him who would do the shooting and not Dandy Don.

But that was his way, it seemed.

Wild slept as soundly as any one in Weston that night.

He got up at his usual time and breakfasted with Jim, and Rex Moore just as though there was nothing out of the ordinary on his mind.

They had just finished breakfast when Cheyenne Charlie came to the house.

"Well, Wild," said he, "I hear that you have made a contract to pour some hot lead into a dandy from Deadwood. I just saw him riding up the hill over there, so I guess he is ready to take his medicine."

"Is that so?" and Wild got up and buckled on his belt. "Well, that means business, suppose. I will go out and meet him and have the thing over with."

Five minutes later our hero led his horse out of the stable and mounted.

"I would like to go along with you," said Moore.

"That wouldn't do," was the reply. "Charlie said Dandy Don was alone, didn't you, Charlie?"

"Yes, and he had a very good mount under him—as fine a black as I ever laid eyes on."

"Well, if he is alone, I should be alone. Good-by, boys! It may be that I won't come back, but I rather think I will. Anyhow, to make sure of it, I will bid you good-by."

With a laugh he rode off in the direction Charlie pointed out, leaving the four of them pretty sober-looking.

Jim was a little uneasy.

He was pretty positive that Wild had a pretty tough customer to tackle.

But when he came to think of what had taken place in the Ram's Horn the night before, he at once settled himself into an easier frame of mind.

"Pshaw!" he thought. "Wild was altogether too quick for him last night, and I don't see why he won't be this morning. It isn't likely there will be more than one shot fired."

Meanwhile Young Wild West rode on up the hill.

Spitfire wanted to go at full speed, but the boy held him in check.

He reached the brow of the hill and then turned off upon the road that led to Spondulicks.

He kept his horse down to an easy canter.

Presently he reached a bend in the road where it turned sharply to the left, and as he did so, he heard hoofbeats coming from the opposite direction.

Wild nodded to himself significantly, but did not slacken his speed a particle.

Whoever it was coming did not check his speed, either, though it was almost certain that he heard the sounds made by the sorrel's hoofs.

Two seconds later Young Wild West rounded the bend and came face to face with a handsome horseman.

It was the man he expected to meet—Dandy Don.

The hands of both were on their revolvers instantly.

Then both their arms went up, and—

Crack!

Only one report rang out, and Dandy Don fell back and dropped from the saddle!

Wild had proven himself to be the quickest shot.

The black horse, frightened at being relieved of its rider in such a way, galloped past our hero and went on in the direction of Weston.

Wild did not linger at the spot an instant. He had the man's heart covered when he fired, and he was satisfied that the bullet had found its mark.

He turned Spitfire around and rode along in the wake of the riderless black.

Down in front of the office of the Wild West Mining and Improvement Company four anxious ones were waiting.

Charlie had his gaze turned in the direction he had last seen the form of the daring young scout he loved best to Anna, his wife.

Charlie's eyes must have been a little sharper than the others, for suddenly he gave a cry and threw his hat in the air.

"There's a black horse comin' down ther hill wit'out a rider!" he said.

"Yes!" exclaimed Jim. "And there comes a sorrel with a rider! Wild has finished his man, as sure as you live!"

Tears of joy started to the eyes of Rex Moore.

He had feared that his champion might get the worst of it.

It was not more than twenty minutes since Young Wild West had rode off, but to the tenderfoot it seemed much more than an hour.

He said not a word, but simply took a seat on the office steps and waited to hear what Wild had to say.

The black horse cantered on by, and did not stop till it reached the stable at the Ram's Horn Hotel.

Our hero rode up and dismounted as though he had just returned from giving his horse a little exercise, though his face was just a trifle pale.

"There was only one shot fired," he said, in answer to the expectant looks cast at him. "I was quicker than he, and the body lies in the road. I'll notify his friend, Bowery Bill, and he can go and get it!"

CHAPTER VI.

"FIVE MINUTES TO SEVEN!"

Young Wild West was scarcely out of sight when something happened that would certainly have surprised him could he have witnessed it.

Dandy Don rose to a sitting posture!

His face was as pale as ashes, and he showed signs of being greatly agitated.

"That was a close call," he muttered. "Lucky his bullet struck my watch in that pocket! That fellow is too much for me at shooting, I must admit. He's the first to ever get the drop on me in that fashion. I really thought I had received my last dose when I felt that bullet strike."

The scoundrel, for he was nothing else, sat there on the ground for the space of a minute, and then slowly rose to his feet.

He pulled the watch, which had been the means of saving his life, from his pocket and made an examination.

The bullet had pierced the back case and lodged in among the works.

He opened the case and looked at the dial.

The watch had stopped five minutes to seven!

"I'll never part with this if I can help it," he said. "Five minutes to seven! I shan't forget that time in a hurry, either. I wish I had my horse. He must have got badly frightened to run off like that. Well, he is not used to having me knocked off his back by a bullet, and that is why he made off like that, I suppose. I was just going to pull on Young Wild West when I got the bullet from his shooter. He thinks I am done for, and I'll let him think so for a while, I guess. It is not such a great distance to the Ram's Horn, and I'll try to get there without he or any of his friends seeing me."

Picking up the revolver, which had dropped from his hand when he fell, Dandy Don set out to walk back to Weston.

He walked down the road until he got within sight of the office of the Wild West Mining and Improvement Company, and then took to the bushes.

In this way he soon got around to the rear of the Ram's Horn, and a little later entered it by a back door.

He did not go into the barroom, but went upstairs, and then sent for Bowery Bill to come up.

The proprietor was not long in getting there.

"What! Are you alive, Don?" he asked in surprise.

"Oh, yes. I'm worth a dozen dead men yet, I guess," was the reply.

"When I seen your horse come back without you a few minutes ago, I made up my mind that you had gone under."

"Well, I met Young Wild West, but I did not go under, though it was no fault of his."

"You didn't drop him, Don, did you?"

"No," and the handsome villain shook his head in a very decided way. "I did not drop him. To tell the truth, I didn't have the chance; or, rather, I did have the chance, but was not quick enough. He fired too soon for me, and I fell from the saddle before I knew what had happened. I am glad Sultan had sense enough to come back here."

"If he shot you, how in thunder is it you are here alive?" asked the puzzled hotel keeper, his solitary eye gazing in amazement at his friend.

"Look at that, Bill," and the watch was handed over to him.

"Great Scott!" gasped Bowery Bill. "You are the luckiest man alive. He went off, thinking he had killed you, then?"

"Yes."

"Well, how erbout ther next time you meet?"

"Maybe it will be my turn to do the shooting then."

"Maybe so, Don. But I wouldn't figure too much that way, if I was you. I've heard a whole lot about Young Wild West, an' I am satisfied that he can't be downed very easily—that is, if he is lookin' when ther shootin' is about to be done."

Dandy Don shrugged his shoulders. It was evident that he was of the same opinion, though he did not say so.

"Bring me a bottle of whisky, Bill," he said, after a pause. "I'll steady my nerves a bit, and then have a talk with my future wife."

Bowery Bill grinned broadly at this remark, and then went downstairs.

In a few minutes he came back with a bottle and glasses and set them on the table.

"By the way, Bill," said the dandy horseman, "you need not let anybody know that I am in the house. If it gets around that Young Wild West laid me low, let it. The people will only be all the more surprised when they see me show up in full bloom to-night. I'll stay up here and keep quiet the rest of the day."

"All right, Don," was the reply. "You kin depend on me."

As soon as Bowery Bill had taken his departure, Dandy Don went to a door that opened to another room and gave a gentle tap on it.

A key turned in the lock, and then the door was opened by a Chinaman, who made a profound bow and permitted the man, who was his master, to enter.

It seemed that Dandy Don had engaged the biggest part of the upper story of the hotel for his own private use, for he did not stop in this room but went across it and tapped on another door.

Like the first one, this was unlocked, and the man was promptly admitted.

It was a woman of fifty who had opened the door. She had evidently been beautiful once, for traces of it could still be seen on her well shaped but wrinkled countenance.

This was Faro Fan, one of the greatest female card sharps the West had ever known.

She was a sister of the villain she had just admitted, and

generally worked with him in robbing gamblers who were less sharp than they.

She had received the name of Faro Fan from the fact that she had run a faro bank in Denver, which she had been driven from by a vigilance committee on account of the many murders that were committed in her place.

"Well, you laid the young boss of the town low, didn't you?" she said, in a matter-of-fact way.

"No, Fan, I did not."

"Didn't you meet him?"

"Oh, yes. I met him."

"Well," and the woman placed her arms akimbo and waited for him to explain.

Dandy Don simply took the watch from his pocket and turned it over to her.

"Five minutes to seven!" she exclaimed. "If such a thing had happened to me, Don, I would surely feel uneasy every time it came to the hour of five minutes of seven. I could never forget it, and would always be on the lookout for a bullet at that time."

"Nonsense, Fan. You are superstitious."

But the man shrugged his shoulders uneasily, just the same.

"It may be nonsense, but I simply said how I would feel on the subject. The bullet that lodged in this watch was meant for your heart, and the one who sent the bullet must have been quicker with his shooter than you were. Take my advice, now, and twice a day, when the hands of the clock mark five minutes to seven, look out for the man who stopped your watch."

Dandy Don made no reply to this. He took the watch and placed it back in his pocket, and then nodded towards the half open door of another room.

"She has been pretty quiet this morning," the woman said. "Go in and see if you can do anything with her."

The villain did not hesitate an instant, but walked boldly to the door and entered the adjoining apartment.

This particular room had evidently been constructed for just what it was being used for now—a sort of prison, for one had to go down three or four steps to enter it, and the windows were at least five feet from the floor, with iron bars running across them on the inside.

The furniture was rather scant in the room, and the floor was covered with several layers of skins from animals.

This was probably for the purpose of deadening sound.

In the darkest corner of the room a young girl of perhaps nineteen sat on a rude sort of divan.

She was very pretty, though her eyes were red with weeping.

The moment she saw who it was who entered she sprang to her feet.

"Well, Dandy Don!" she exclaimed, in a tone of voice that was half angry, half pleading. "have you decided to give me my liberty?"

"I have come to try and reason with you, Alice Dare," he replied in a soft, musical voice. "I want you to make up your mind to be my wife. If you will become mine of your own free will, I promise you that I will give up the life I have been leading and take you East to live in luxury the remainder of your life. I am a rich man, Alice—it matters not how I made my money! That, too, must go down with the past. The greatest argument of all that I can use upon you is that I love you madly and do not propose to live without you. Can you take me for better or for worse on these grounds, or must I use other means of getting you to be my wife?"

"I will never be your wife, Dandy Don—I swear it!" was the reply.

The girl's eyes flashed like coals of fire as she spoke, showing that never were there more earnest words spoken.

"And I swear that you will be my wife, Alice Dare!" cried

the villain, flying into a passion at once. "I will give you twenty-four hours longer in which to make up your mind whether it will be by your consent, or whether it will be by force. You have just twenty-four hours to make up your mind. It is now five minutes of seven—Furies! no!"

Dandy Don had unthinkingly taken the watch in which the bullet from Young Wild West's revolver was embedded from his pocket, and with a horrible oath he flung it across the room.

The words of his sister had come upon him with full force, and he now realized that, in spite of what he said to the contrary, he was superstitious.

Pretty Alice Dare, standing there with the mein of a tigress driven to a last stand, knew not what to make of the man's sudden action, but when she saw him hurriedly leave the room a moment later, without so much as looking at her again, she concluded that he must have become crazy all at once.

As soon as she had recovered somewhat from the effects of her excitement, she walked across the room and picked up the watch Dandy Don had hurled from him in such an angry way.

The case had opened, but the hands had not moved a particle. It was still five minutes to seven!

Much puzzled, the girl turned the wrecked timepiece over. Then she saw where the bullet had entered it.

But even this did not explain the strange actions of the villain.

"Five minutes to seven!" she murmured thoughtfully. "I shall remember that. If it will have the same effect on him when I say it as it did when he looked at the watch and said it to himself, I may gain something by it. I will keep the watch, too."

Alice Dare was not one of the sort of girls who become frightened and faint in times of danger. She had been born and reared in Colorado, and she had been taught to ride and shoot and fight, too, if it became necessary.

She was an orphan, and had come to Deadwood with an uncle and aunt but a month before.

Dandy Don had met her and tried to woo her, but she would have nothing to do with him.

The consequences were that he had stolen her from her home and brought her to Weston for the purpose of marrying her, by fair means or foul.

And the girl was just as positive that she would not marry as he was that he would.

She seated herself on the divan and remained there thinking for some little time.

Pretty soon Faro Fan, who acted in the capacity of her jailer, came in.

"You had better make up your mind to marry my brother," she said. "He says he is going to start for the East as soon as you are his wife, and I am anxious to see New York, as I have never been there. Come, my dear, you must marry him. Think of the gay life we can lead in the gayest city in America! It is not likely that you care to stay in the West all your life, and with a handsome man for your husband you ought to enjoy life."

"You would not marry a man you hated, would you?" replied Alice, thinking it best to argue the question with the woman.

"Well, it would depend on circumstances. I have never married, you see; but if I had when I was your age, and got a man who would have treated me right, I would have been a great deal better off. I am positive that you can do no better than marry my brother."

"And I am positive that I will die first!"

"No, you won't. There is no need of your talking so foolishly. As you have already been told, the marriage will take place, whether you consent to it or not—it seems to me if

would be a great deal better for you to agree in that case. Perhaps there is some one else you would prefer to be your husband, and if there is, you may as well drop all thoughts of him from your mind."

"There is no one else. I'll tell you that much. I have never yet met the man I would care to marry, but one thing is certain I will die by my own hand before I become the bride of the scoundrel Dandy Don!"

"Scoundrel is a hard name to call one."

"It is. I know, else I would not call him such."

"Well, he has just told me that he has given you twenty-four hours in which to make up your mind. If you refuse, then he will have a clergyman here, anyway, and the marriage will take place within one hour from the time you refuse or accept, as the case may be. As you have been told, there is no use of your screaming for help, as no one in this town will pay the least attention to you, even should they hear you, and that is not likely. It has been given out that you are my sister, and that you have lost your mind. You are going East for your health, you know."

The woman laughed as she said this, and had Alice known what a lie she was telling she might have felt a trifle better than she did when she heard the words.

Faro Fan left the room, shutting the door after her, and then, in desperation, Alice Dare moved a chair to one of the windows and got upon it and looked out.

A dashing looking young horseman was coming along, and she pressed her face against the glass, hoping he would look that way.

And he did look that way!

CHAPTER VII.

THE TENDERFOOT'S GREAT AMBITION.

Cheyenne Charlie suggested that Rex Moore, the tenderfoot, take a little exercise on his new horse that morning.

After the New Yorker had found that Young Wild West came back safe and sound from his meeting with Dandy Don, he went over to the stable of Dove-Eye Dave and got the horse he had picked out the night before.

The steed was a full-sized mustang pony, as good as any to be found in that section, and Rex was more than pleased with his purchase and rode over to the stable Wild told him he could keep the horse in.

Then it was that Charlie told him to take one of the saddles in the stable and go out for a half hour's exercise.

"I would rather wait till I get through my work to-night," said the tenderfoot. "There is a whole lot to do to get the books in shape."

"That's all right," spoke up Wild. "Half an hour won't make much difference on work of that kind. Go ahead! Take a ride through the town and show the people that you are not so much of a tenderfoot as they think you are."

This was quite enough, and a few minutes later Moore was attired in proper style and on the mare.

He rode up to the canyon and back first, and then finding that his mount was all right, struck out to ride through the town.

If he thought he was going to attract much attention, the young New Yorker was disappointed, for no one paid particular notice to him at all.

They were used to seeing horsemen riding along, so there was nothing really to attract them, since the tenderfoot was riding as good as the average man.

He rode through the center, and then made a complete cir-

cuit of the town, fetching out alongside the new hotel, as he came in to take the road to the office.

How it was he did not know, but he happened to look up at one of the windows of the Ram's Horn, and there he saw the prettiest face his eyes ever rested upon.

An appealing glance was shot at him—a glance that he understood as though words had been spoken with it.

The face belonged to a young lady, and she was in distress.

The tenderfoot doffed his hat to let her know that he saw her, and then the face disappeared.

The young man rode back to the stable in an agitated frame of mind.

He could not help linking the face with one of the females Wing Wah, the cook, had spoken of the night before.

One of them had been laughing and the other crying, he said.

It must be that this face belonged to the one who had been crying; it looked so sad and wistful, and the very eyes had appealed to him for help.

"By Jove!" he thought, "if that girl is there against her will, I will get her away from that hotel, or die trying."

Rex had only seen her face, but he had fallen in love with her, just the same.

He concluded to say nothing to any one just yet, so he went through his work till noon, and then, soon as he had swallowed his dinner, made the excuse that he was going to the post-office.

But instead of going there he made for the window he had seen the face in.

It was on the south end of the building, about fifteen feet from the ground.

A bridle path leading to some of the claims went past that end of the house, so there was an excuse for his passing that way, in case any one belonging to the hotel saw him.

Rex walked very slow as he neared the window, and just as he was nearly under it, the face appeared again!

It was a look of delight that was thrown upon him this time, and he returned the glance with a hard effort to make her understand that he awaited her bidding.

Then the window raised a few inches, and a piece of folded paper fluttered to his feet.

He picked it up, and as he did so the face disappeared.

The young man waited a few seconds, but it did not reappear, so he walked slowly from the spot.

He did not attempt to read the note that had been thrown to him till he had entered the postoffice and came out again.

Then he unfolded the paper and read the following:

"I am a captive here in the hands of Dandy Don. I must get away from him before to-morrow morning. Save me, I beseech you! I dare not speak to you from the window, for fear they will hear me and kill me for doing it. The window has iron bars across it, so I cannot let myself down with a rope. Again I ask you to save me!"

"ALICE DARE."

The tenderfoot from New York gave a low whistle of surprise.

"I have worked myself in a regular old fashioned romance by coming out West," he muttered under his breath. "Save her! Well, I guess I will! I will do it without the help of another, too. If I tell Young Wild West about it he will have the hotel ransacked from top to bottom in no time, and the girl will be rescued, after which those who had a hand in keeping her there will be hanged, if they don't get shot during the ransacking. I would be liable to get little credit from the pretty creature who signs herself Alice Dare. It would be Young Wild West who would get the credit. No! I must say

Alice Dare, and do it without the help of any one but myself. But how is it that she says she is in the hands of Dandy Don? Ah! I have it! She does not know that Young Wild West shot and killed him this morning. Well, I am going to rescue the girl from that house, or die in the attempt!"

Rex walked back to his work and started in to get his books in order.

But there was altogether too much on his mind for him to make any great headway, and when quitting time came he had not accomplished anything like what he had intended to.

But his employers did not find any fault with him; nor did they know that he had not done as much as he could have done had it not been that the captive girl was on his mind.

The tenderfoot knew that his friends expected him to mount his horse and go out for a ride to get himself in practice, so he promptly went over to the stable and saddled and bridled the mare.

Then he mounted and rode off around the town.

Of course he was itching to get beneath the window of the hotel as soon as he could, but he did not want to be too much in a hurry, for fear that some one would suspect that something was wrong.

Rex finally passed the window, but saw no signs of the girl.

He did the same thing three times after that, but with the same result.

Finally he rode boldly around to the front of the hotel and dismounted.

Lively Rick came up about that time, and after exchanging a few words in the way of greeting, the two entered the barroom.

Bowery Bill was behind the bar, and he greeted the men pleasantly, knowing full well that they were friends of Young Wild West.

They ordered drinks and cigars, and while they were indulging Rex took a good look around the room and noted the doors leading from it.

There were three. One opened into the back room that was used for gambling purposes, another was the entrance to the hall that led to the other rooms on the first floor, and the third opened to a private stairway.

Of course Moore did not know this, but this was the door Dandy Don had been conducted through the night before, when he asked the landlord to take him to his room.

"That is the way to get to the room where the girl is confined," the young man thought. "There must be a stairway there."

But there was not a ghost of a show for him to open the door and get to the adjoining apartment without being observed.

He lingered a few minutes longer in the barroom, and then went out, with the excuse that he was going home to supper.

Lively Rick was in the humor to get a fill-up of whisky, as he called it, and was making the rounds of the places where the stuff was sold.

Rex mounted his horse and left Rick making his way on foot to the next place.

He let the horse walk around to the path at the side of the house, and again peered up in the direction of the window.

This time his heart gave a bound, for the face of the girl was there?

The window was raised a little, too, and down came a note, fluttering towards him.

He managed to catch it, and with a nod, he rode off to a safe distance and read it.

"I depend on you to save me. I think if you could get a ladder to the window some time after dark you could twist the iron bars loose, so I could get through. Dandy Don is a desperate man, so I should not advise you to try to get me out by coming through the house, unless the other way fails."

"ALICE DARE."

Rex Moore felt much elated when he read this note.

He knew that the barroom would be crowded after dark, and that he would have a good chance to rescue the girl. If, she said, the bars of iron could be twisted from the window.

So he rode back to the house, put up his horse, and then joined Wild and the rest at supper.

But not a word did he say of what he was going to do that night.

"The girl is still of the opinion that Dandy Don is alive," he thought. "Well, if he was I would not stand so good a show to rescue her. As it is, I ought to do it pretty easily."

But the tenderfoot did not know how difficult a task was before him.

He had read of just such gallant rescues being made, and of the pretty maiden marrying the young man who saved her from the villain, but he had never seen anything like it attempted.

But it looked easy to him, and that was sufficient to make his hopes go way up.

Already he could see himself standing at the altar with the fair girl at his side.

Rex Moore was in his seventh heaven, as far as imagination went.

It seemed to be a long wait for him, but finally darkness came.

To make matters all the better for him, it began to rain.

Wild and Jim went out and invited him to accompany them.

"I guess you are going to see your girls, so I won't go," Moore replied.

This was indeed the case, so they both laughed and went on out.

Pretty soon Lively Rick came in. He had been drinking pretty hard, and when he challenged Jack Robedee to play a game of euchre, Jack agreed to oblige him, just to keep him from getting worse for the wear in the saloons.

This gave the ambitious young tenderfoot a chance to go and rescue the fair captive, and he lost not another moment.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAPTURE AND ESCAPE OF DANDY DON.

Arietta Murdock and Eloise Gardner were waiting for their lovers, and the two boys were received warmly.

The four remained together at the Murdock house for probably three hours, passing the time by playing games and singing, as only young people of their ages can do.

Then Jim had an excuse to see Eloise home, so he took his departure.

Wild knew that was about the last of him he would see that night, so when Arietta bade the couple good night he did likewise.

It was pretty close to midnight when our hero put on his hat and left his sweetheart's home.

It was raining pretty hard, but he only had a short distance to go, and with a last good-night to Et he started.

He had just turned in the road that led to the once and house behind it when he heard the sound of hoofs.

Young Wild West at once came to a halt and took his stand behind a tree.

If it had not been that some one was riding out of town he would not have paid any attention to it.

But it struck him as being rather odd that any one should start to leave town at that hour, with the storm increasing in violence.

There was more than one horse approaching, and they were coming on a walk.

The next minute they passed within a few feet of where Wild was standing behind the tree.

There were four horses, but one of them had no rider.

And as our hero peered through the darkness he noticed that one of the other three had a double burden on its back.

But that was not all he noticed!

That particular horse was the one Dandy Don had ridden in the barroom the night before!

He could tell that by the graceful stride of the animal.

"What's up?" he thought. "This looks mighty suspicious. I have a notion of following this strange outfit."

Just then he heard a voice.

It was a Chinaman who was talking, and the instant he heard it Wild gave a start.

He thought about what Wing Wah had told him the night before.

"Ah!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Now I will follow them. Something is decidedly wrong. I feel sure of it."

He quickly made his way to the stable where the horses were kept and was promptly challenged by the man on guard.

He made himself known, and then the sorrel stallion was saddled and bridled in a jiffy.

Without a word of explanation to the man, he mounted and rode off after the mysterious party, who had just gone up the hill on the road to Spondulicks.

Wild rode along at a sharp clip, and in a few minutes he overtook them.

He did not slacken his pace, but passed them, calling out as he did so:

"A rough night, strangers."

"Yes," came the reply in a voice that caused the boy to prick up his ears and lay his hand on his revolver.

Young Wild West had a great memory of voices, and if he was not badly mistaken now, the person who had answered him was Dandy Don!

But that could not be, as he was dead—shot through the heart by the very weapon the young deadshot had his hand upon now.

But if it was not the man who had spoken, it was his horse, anyway."

Wild rode on, determined to find out before long.

He had not gone more than a hundred yards ahead of them when the same voice called out to him:

"Hello, stranger! Where are you bound, anyway?"

It was either Dandy Don or his ghost that was speaking.

Our hero was certain of that now.

Disguising his own voice, he answered:

"I'm goin' over to Spondulicks."

"So are we. What might you be leaving Weston for in this storm?"

"That's a leadin' question. What might you be leavin' for? You've got wimmen folks with you, too."

"I generally ask all the questions I please and answer those I feel like answering."

Wild now knew he was talking to Dandy Don, but how it was that he was alive he could not imagine.

The party had come to a halt right in front of him, and as he sat there in the saddle the boy felt it was his duty to shoot the man from his horse.

But the burden he held across the horse in front of him!

That it was a woman Wild was quite sure, and he wondered who she had not spoken.

The Chinaman was just behind Dandy Don, holding the ~~strange horse~~ horse by the bridle, and at his side was another rider, whom Wild now saw was a woman.

"These are the three Wing Wah saw. Dandy Don belongs to ~~your party~~ your party," Wild thought. "Now, what shall I do? That's the question."

Just then he heard the clattering of hoofs behind the halted party.

Some one else was coming!

Wild made up his mind what to do in an instant.

The villain was holding his burden on the horse by his left arm and one hand, so our hero kept an eye on the other hand.

He noticed that it had dropped the reins and was resting on the butt of a revolver.

"Dandy Don," said Young Wild West, speaking in the regular way. "I left you for dead on this very road this morning, but it seems that you are alive. Do you want me to shoot you from the saddle now, or do you want me to take you a prisoner?"

These words had scarcely left the boy's lips when there came a muffled shriek for help, and the burden on Dandy Don's horse slid to the ground with amazing quickness.

"A thousand furies!" exclaimed Dandy Don. "It is Young Wild West!"

"That's just who it is," was the calm reply. "Up with your hands now, or you'll get a bullet between your eyes."

The villain saw that he was covered, and so he obeyed.

But just as he did so, Faro Fan, his sister, fired at Wild.

Luckily, she was not a very good shot, and the bullet went over his head by a foot or more.

"If another shot is fired," said Wild, "I will drop the man I have got covered. I—"

He did not finish what he was going to say, for at that instant a horseman dashed up and exclaimed:

"I am here to help you, Young Wild West! These people got the best of me to-night, but my turn comes now. No, you don't, you almond-eyed celestial!"

The new arrival was Rex Moore, the tenderfoot!

As he uttered the last sentence he discharged his revolver, and the Chinaman dropped from his horse.

He had been in the act of shooting at Wild, but had been so slow about it that Moore had time to drop him.

It was, of course, Alice Dare whom Dandy Don had been carrying off on his horse, and the moment she heard the voice of the New Yorker she threw aside the heavy cloak that had enveloped her form and rushed toward him.

"Confound you!" screamed Faro Fan, urging her horse after Alice. "You infernal vixen! I'll kill you!"

The woman had drawn a dangerous-looking knife, and seemed bent on plunging it into the girl's body, but the tenderfoot hit her a blow on the wrist with the butt of his revolver, and the knife fell to the ground.

"Hold out your hands, woman!" commanded Rex.

Sullenly she obeyed.

"Tie them behind her," Wild advised. "Then come and treat my friend Dandy Don the same way."

The New Yorker had plenty of rope with him, to be used in rescuing Alice, and he soon had the hands of the woman tied behind her and the end of the rope attached to the saddle girths, so that she could not slip from her horse.

Dandy Don sat in the saddle as immovable as a rock.

He was in mortal fear of that weapon that was staring him straight in the eyes, not over six feet from him.

As dark as it was, he could see it plainly.

But it was not the revolver he was afraid of so much, after all, as it was the person who held it!

"You caught me unawares, Young Wild West," he said, as Moore proceeded to disarm him. "I did not recognize your voice, and you did mine. But please remember that I am not dead yet!"

"Not yet—that's right," was the calm reply. "But it is only the question of a short time before you get your medicine."

"I have done nothing to get my medicine for. What do you

mean by that? You are not going to shoot me, after disarming me and binding my hands behind me, are you?"

This was said with a great deal of sarcasm, and with the purpose of angering Young Wild West.

Dandy Don was a shrewd individual.

It had struck him all of a sudden that if he could make his captor set him free and give him a chance to fight for his life, he would have the only chance left, for he knew that as soon as the men in Weston heard how he had kidnapped the girl and brought her over from Deadwood with the intention of forcing her to become his wife, Judge Lynch would surely condemn him to death in short order.

"No, I am not going to shoot you in your helpless state," said Wild, answering his question. "I am simply going to take you back to Weston and have your character investigated. If I had wanted to shoot you, I could easily have done it when I first spoke to you to-night. If I had sent a bullet at you it would have been aimed at your head, and not at your heart, as it was this morning. I had no idea that you wore a breast-plate, or you would not be sitting there a captive now."

"I wear no breast-plate, nor never have," was the reply. "It was my watch that saved my life this morning, Young Wild West. Your bullet lodged in my time-piece, and the sudden shock simply caused me to slip and fall from my horse. Now you know how it is that I am alive. You have no right to make a prisoner of me, Young Wild West, and I dare you to set me free and give me the show that I had this morning!"

"Your daring me will do me no good. You are going with us to Weston, and that's all there is to it. Tie him securely to the horse, Rex."

"I've got him there all right," was the reply.

But the tenderfoot only thought he had.

He had learned how to ride and shoot pretty well, but he had not learned how to tie up a desperate man.

Perhaps pretty Alice Dare, who stood at his side, afraid to get a foot away from him, caused him to be a little careless.

At any rate, Wild had scarcely given the order to about face and go back to Weston, when Dandy Don jerked his right hand free and gave his spirited horse a sudden slap on the neck. As quick as a flash the reins were pulled from the hands of the tenderfoot, and away dashed the horse through the darkness, its rider uttering a triumphant laugh as he rounded a bend and disappeared.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TENDERFOOT POSES AS A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

When Rex Moore left the house he meant business!

It was raining, so he put on a long coat he found hanging up, and went to the shed back of the office.

There he found a coil of thin but strong rope, and hiding this under his coat, he started to rescue his fair lady.

He had an idea that he could find something that would answer the purpose of a ladder and a bar for prying in the rear of the hotel, so that is the place he made for.

He had drawn his broad-brimmed felt hat down over his eyes to shield his face from the rain, and just as he entered the yard in the rear of the building some one stepped before him in the darkness and touched him on the arm.

Rex gave a start and half drew his revolver.

But the touch seemed to be reassuring, and he at once des-

"Come right on this way," whispered a voice, and acting on a sudden impulse the tenderfoot nodded and followed.

It struck him that the girl had managed to send some one to help him to make the rescue, and though he was a little put out at not being allowed to do the whole thing alone, he followed the man straight to the house, and through the door inside to the bottom of a flight of stairs.

"Did you read the note?" asked his pilot.

"Yes, I read it half a dozen times," the innocent tenderfoot answered, thinking, of course, that the conversation referred to the note that had been tossed out of the window to him by the captive girl.

"Well, you understand it, then. The girl won't act as though she is willing, but the marriage must take place to-night. It is most important for her good, as well as my own. You get five hundred dollars for performing the ceremony, dominie. That is good money, and you shouldn't listen to anything the girl may have to say."

The young New Yorker almost dropped when he heard this. He knew who it was who was talking to him now!

It was Dandy Don, the man he thought Wild West had shot and killed!

And he was going to force pretty Alice Dare to become his wife, and took him to be the minister he had sent for!

Of all the peculiar positions he had been placed in since his arrival in the West, this beat them all.

The tenderfoot was astounded.

But luckily for him, he was one of the kind who can very quickly recover from surprises.

And he was also handy at getting out words.

Moore instantly realized that he must pose as the minister, if he hoped to rescue the girl.

If it came to the worst, he would shoot the villain dead in his tracks as he dragged the girl forward to be married!

The tenderfoot was rendered desperate at the thought of Alice Dare being insulted by the touch of such a villain.

Just then he felt able to cope with half a dozen such men as Dandy Don.

"I will perform the ceremony just as you want me to," he answered in a low tone.

"Good!" exclaimed Dandy Don. "You were so long in making a reply that I thought possibly you were going to back out. Come right on up the stairs. I was going to wait until to-morrow morning, but the girl said that if it had to be, it might just as well be done to-night."

"Very well, sir. I am ready."

The two went upstairs, the tenderfoot being well satisfied that the villain would not recognize him as the man who was with Wild West and the others the night before.

Then he had been dressed in a hunting rig, and now the long coat certainly did give him a clerical appearance.

Rex never once thought of what would happen if the real minister should come.

But he took it for granted that he would not come to perform a ceremony of that kind, anyway, if he was a real minister of the Gospel.

Dandy Don led him hurriedly through the two rooms, and then opened the door that led into the girl's prison.

Alice Dare arose at their approach.

"My dear," said Dandy Don, in a bland tone, "I came to the conclusion that we would not wait till morning. Now, get a move on you. I am anxious to have the thing over with."

At this the girl uttered a muffled shriek and fell fainting to the floor.

Rex allowed the pretender to go on alone from the door and sprang forward to assist the girl.

He had just succeeded in lifting her to the divan when he felt the cold muzzle of a revolver pressed against his temple.

"Pronounce us man and wife, or off goes the top of your head, dominie!" came the command in an icy voice from the lips of Dandy Don.

Then the tenderfoot's courage left him temporarily.

He had never felt a revolver pressed against his head in that manner, and almost before he knew it he said:

"I pronounce you man and wife!"

The handsome villain uttered a chuckle.

"Sit down at that table, dominie!" he commanded, still keeping the revolver against his temple.

Moore felt that he must obey, so he did so.

Then Faro Fan stepped forward with pen, ink and paper.

"Write what I tell you to, or, by heavens! you will surely die!"

Moore took the pen.

"Write down the date."

This was done with a trembling hand.

"Now, then, write: 'This is to certify Dandy Don Barrymore and Alice Dare were united in marriage by me on this date.'"

The tenderfoot wrote it exactly as he was told.

"Now, your name. Be sure to put the reverend in front of it!"

The muzzle of the revolver pressed a trifle harder, and that was incentive enough for the young man to write the first name that came in his head.

"Rev. John Smith!"

That was the way he signed the paper.

"The bottle and handkerchief now," the villain said to his sister.

Moore did not know what this meant, but he soon found out, for the next moment a handkerchief saturated with chloroform, or some other powerful drug, was placed tightly over his mouth and nostrils.

He struggled a little and then fell back unconscious.

"It wouldn't hardly do to kill the dominie who was kind enough to marry a fellow," laughed Dandy Don. "We will simply lock him in here and let him sleep off the drug. Bill will let him out when he hears him shout."

The fainting girl was then carried out into the other apartment, and the door of the prison-like room was locked.

"Make her as comfortable as possible," the villain said to his sister. "She is my wife now, and I don't want her hurt. If she isn't satisfied with this marriage when she revives, I'll satisfy her with a regular church wedding."

Then he went downstairs and tapped on the door that led to the barroom.

In a minute or so it was opened by Bowery Bill, who, seeing who it was, came on through.

"My man ain't got back from the minister's yet," said the hotel-keeper.

"Well, it makes no difference. The dominie got here a few minutes ago, and the ceremony is all over."

"The deuce you say! Let me congratulate you, Don!"

The two shook hands.

"Now, Bill, bring me a bottle of the best whisky you have in the house, and then see that the four horses are made ready to leave at a moment's notice. Here's a thousand dollars for the trouble you have been put to. When the dominie gets to you to be let out, go up and show how surprised you are at finding him there. Give him a little innocent talk, and then bid him good-night."

Bowery Bill understood, as the whole thing had been pre-arranged.

He pocketed the money his guest gave him, not taking the trouble to count it.

He went back to the bar, and a few minutes later returned with the bottle of whisky.

"Ther horses will be ready for you at any time you want 'em," he said.

"Well, you know about what time I want to go. It won't do to take the girl out, even by the back way, when there is a whole gang around the outside of the house. She might take it in her head to let out a couple of her screams, and then I would be in a deuce of a fix. Just let me know when everything is clear. I have made arrangements to put up with a man I know over in Spondulicks. I sent him word by this morning's stage-coach."

"Good! Well, Don, I'll let you know when ther way is clear. It's rainin' pretty hard now, an' that'll make it all ther better, 'cause ther men won't stay outside very long to-night. You kin depend on me, as you ought to know."

Dandy Don gave a nod of satisfaction, and then went upstairs.

He stopped in the outer room and began to drink freely of the whisky.

He was a little bit unnerved at what he had passed through since he had been in Weston, and he thought the whisky would do him good.

It did do him good, too, for when he had swallowed about half the contents of the bottle he fell asleep with his head on the table.

He was not awakened until a few minutes before midnight, and then Bowery Bill came up to inform him that the time had arrived for him to go.

"My customers are all inside drinkin' an' playin' cards," he said. "There ain't a soul outside."

"Good!" grunted the handsome villain, as he poured another drink from the bottle and swallowed it at a gulp.

Then he opened the door and went into the other room.

"You are a fine one, I must say, to go and get drunk at the very time you ought to have all your wits about you!" exclaimed Faro Fan testily. "While you were sleeping off your drunk out there, I have had no end of trouble. I was compelled to use the chloroform again a few minutes ago."

"Who on, sister?"

"The girl and the minister, too. They both got to making a racket. So I had to do it."

"How did you manage to give the dominie the second dose?"

"Squirted it in through the key-hole with a syringe. He was right there to receive it, as luck would have it, and in his befuddled state he fell an easy victim. I guess I gave him enough to kill him, by the noise he made when he dropped to the floor."

"You did well, Fan. Come on now. I am sober as a judge." The woman was all ready, and had been for some time.

Five minutes later they all went downstairs, Dandy Don carrying the unconscious form of Alice Dare in his arms.

Through the drizzling rain they rode out of Weston.

Rex Moore had not been killed, as Faro Fan suggested. Not by any means!

It overcame him for a few minutes, but only for that length of time.

His plans to rescue the fair captive had been a miserable failure, and that made him doubly sick.

By good luck he struck a chair beneath the window as he was staggering about the room, and realizing that he needed fresh air, climbed upon it and succeeded in opening the window.

The draught of fresh air that came in revived him wonderfully, and he soon became in possession of all his faculties.

Then he began tugging at the iron bars with all his strength.

The wood was split where one of the bars was set in and it yielded.

Another powerful wrench and it was twisted out.

Not a sound came from the other part of the room.

"They have gone!" he thought bitterly, and then he utilized the loosened bar for a pry and worked havoc with another bar.

This one and another quickly succumbed to his efforts, and then finding that the opening was large enough for him to get through, he crawled through feet foremost and dropped to the ground below, after swinging himself clear of the house by his hands.

He was just in time to hear horses' hoofs receding in the distance, and gathering himself together, he started on a run for the stable where his horse was kept.

He learned from the stable watchman that Wild had just gone away with his horse in an awful hurry, so he mounted and followed.

CHAPTER X.

WHAT FARO FAN DID.

"Rex, you take the girl and the prisoner into Weston. I am going after Dandy Don!" exclaimed Young Wild West, and wheeling his horse around, he started in pursuit.

Spitfire, the sorrel stallion, had never lost a race in his life, and his daring rider did not mean that he should lose this one.

Neither horse needed any particular urging. They were both trained to obey the slightest touch of their master, so while he was riding at full speed, Dandy Don flung the ropes that the tenderfoot had failed to properly tie from him, and then, realizing that he was being pursued, uttered a yell of defiance.

His weapons had been taken from him, so he had nothing to depend upon to save him but his horse.

Wild was not more than twenty yards behind him at the start, and he had held the distance easily.

"You have got something to catch this time, Spitfire," whispered Wild to his horse. "You will have to get a move on you."

For the next five minutes it was nip and tuck.

Then the sorrel stallion began gaining steadily.

The black steed was certainly doing its level best, when the sorrel forged alongside, and then—

Wild's right hand grabbed Dandy Don by the collar of his coat and whisked him from the saddle!

The boy let go of him immediately, so as to keep from being dragged to the ground himself.

Relieved of his burden, the black horse made a misstep and fell.

Badly frightened, the animal tried to get up, but could not. A hip had been broken!

Wild brought his horse to a halt and rode back.

Dandy Don had been rendered unconscious by his fall, and lay in the center of the road, the rain beating upon his upturned face.

The boy dismounted and soon found what the trouble was with the horse.

"I hate to do it," he muttered, as he drew his revolver. "He is a fine beast, but he could never walk again, so it will be a kindness to end his suffering."

There was a sharp report and the horse rolled over spasmodically and gave up the ghost.

Dandy Don came to just then. He had only been stunned by striking on the back of his head.

"You have got me again, Young Wild West," he said.

"Yes, and I think I will hold on to you this time," was the reply.

"Where did my horse go?" and the villain tried to penetrate the darkness for some signs of the black.

"Your horse is dead. I shot him."

"You did?" was the angry retort. "What did you do that for?"

"Because the animal fell and broke his hip, and could not get up. You did not have the idea that I killed him for spite, or anything like that, did you?"

"Poor Sultan!" said Dandy Don, not noticing what our hero said. "He was a fine horse, and I am sorry for him."

By this time Wild had secured the prisoner to the end of a rope.

It was tied about his neck, too, so it behooved him not to pull back when the horse started.

Once in the saddle, Wild started off on a slow trot, making the man run to keep up with him.

When he pleaded of being tired, Spitsfire was brought down to a walk.

And so it continued all the way in to Weston.

Not wishing to run the risk of letting the man's friends get an opportunity to bribe any one to let him go, Wild got Jack Robedee to stand guard over him in the little jail till morning.

The two women had been brought to the house of our friends by Rex Moore, and it was now so near morning Wild concluded to keep them there.

"I am so glad you came in time," said pretty Alice Dare, fixing her eyes on those of Rex Moore.

"I am glad, too," was the reply.

"So are we all glad," spoke up Young Wild West.

"I am not," Faro Fan exclaimed sullenly.

"Of course you are not," and Wild laughed. "You are a fine woman, I must say. Are you not ashamed of assisting in the kidnaping of this young lady? And you were going to allow her to become the wife of a heartless villain against her will, too!"

Instead of making a reply, as they supposed she would, the woman suddenly arose to her feet and made for the door of the room.

With a defiant cry she slammed the door and darted away in the darkness.

Wild and the tenderfoot started after her as soon as they recovered from their astonishment.

"I will stay right here till you come back," Alice Dare assured them.

It was as dark as pitch when our two friends got outside, and they could not see over ten feet ahead of them.

Meanwhile, we must follow Faro Fan.

The woman's one desire was to get away from her captors, for she felt certain that they would hang her and her brother. But she did not want to go without the villain.

As bad as she was, she had as much love for the man as any woman could have for a brother she admired.

She did not know where the jail was located, but something told her that she was nearing the place where her brother was held a prisoner.

Her eyes suddenly fell upon one dim light that held her in a fascinating way.

Straight for it she ran.

In a minute more she was at the door of the little jail.

Jack Robedee, who was guarding Dandy Don, so that there would be no possible chance for him to escape, suddenly heard a scratching at the door.

It sounded like that of a cat, and thinking that the regular jaller, whom he had relieved, had come, he walked over and opened the door to allow it to enter.

"That's so," replied his companion.

Nearer came the sounds, and presently two horses loomed up in the darkness.

"Halt!" cried Young Wild West, darting into the road.

The horses were ridden by Dandy Don and Faro Fan, and, taken completely by surprise, they reined in their steeds.

"What's the matter?" demanded Dandy Don.

Wild recognized the voice instantly, and as quick as a flash he knocked the revolver from the villain's grasp.

With an oath the man tried to force his horse over Wild, but the boy was too quick for him and pulled him from the saddle.

Rex Moore had caught the horse ridden by Faro Fan, and he held the bridle with one hand and had his pistol leveled at the woman with the other.

"Let me go, you hounds!" she cried fiercely. "I have done nothing that you should stop me thus."

"Oh, yes you have," retorted the tenderfoot. "You dosed me with chloroform to-night, and that is enough to make me take you back to Weston. You thought I was a minister, but I am not. I got out of the prison you had me in without the aid of any one, and I was on time to assist in your capture the first time, as I am now. You can have a chance to tell your story to a judge after it gets daylight."

"That's right," spoke up Wild, who had bound the handsome villain's hands behind him for the second time that night. "Come on. We must get back to Weston."

They at once started, Moore leading Faro Fan's horse and keeping his revolver in his hand.

They were not long in reaching the jail, and when they got there Jack Robedee was just coming to from the effects of the drug the woman had administered to him.

Dandy Don was once more placed in the lock-up and Dove-Eye Dave was aroused to watch him, along with Jack.

Then Wild and Moore went back to the house where Alice Dare awaited them, and it was now getting well toward morning, and there was little use of going to sleep, so it was decided to keep them there.

The tenderfoot offered to stay up with them, and Alice Dare seemed very glad to have him.

Then he had the pleasure of escorting the girl back to Weston, and when he had told her all about what had happened, she became very talkative herself, and he learned all about her.

The tenderfoot was so encouraged that he whispered in her ear that he loved her.

And she did not become the least bit mad when he said it.

It was about six o'clock when Wild got up from a sleep.

He walked outside and found Moore and the rescued maiden walking up and down in front of the house.

"Jack Robedee came and took the woman over to the lock-up a few moments ago," the New Yorker said.

"All right," answered Wild. "I believe I will walk over that way myself. But first let me hear the young lady's story."

Alice told him how she had been kidnaped by the villain, and how he had forced Rex to marry her to him the night before.

"Come on! The two of you had better go over to the lock-up with me. Some one has got to appear against him."

In a short time they were at the lock-up, where quite a crowd had gathered.

Among those there was Bowery Bill, and he was doing his best to gain sympathy for Dandy Don.

He had succeeded in getting the majority to agree with him that the least they could do was to give the villain and his sister twenty minutes to get out of town.

When Wild got there he was asked his opinion.

"Do as you like about it," he answered. "All I want is a piece of paper Dandy Don has got. Then, if it pleases the

majority, the man and his sister can be given their weapons and the three horses that belong to them, and flight out for parts unknown."

This remark was received with cheers.

Dandy Don was brought out of the lock-up and told what the decision was.

"Thank you!" he exclaimed, looking at Young Wild West. "I should like to meet you at the outskirts of the town."

"You will be accommodated," replied our hero. "Jack, go and get my horse, will you?"

By the time Dandy Don and his sister were mounted and ready to start, Jack came back with the sorrel.

The villain had been given his weapons, and he examined them. Every one knew what was coming now.

Somebody shot off a pistol, which was the signal for Dandy Don and his sister to make themselves scarce, and they started, followed quickly by Young Wild West.

Those who had horses set out after them, and those who had none there ran to get them.

"I will tell you when I am ready," said Dandy Don, as they neared the outskirts.

"All right. I will leave that to you. I am ready any time you are."

About a minute later the handsome villain said:

"Wait till my sister gets to that tree and halts, and then you begin as soon as you like."

Dandy Don wheeled his horse around at a distance of perhaps ten yards.

Both could see the woman and the tree she was making for. Their hands now slid to their revolvers.

The next instant Faro Fan halted at the tree.

Up went two revolvers, but only one report rang out!

Dandy Don reeled in the saddle and then dropped head first to the ground.

Young Wild West had proved himself the quickest again.

Faro Fan rode back, and leaping from the saddle, burst into tears.

"Can I come back and stay in Weston?" she asked pleadingly. "Bowery Bill asked me to marry him last night, and I refused. I am now willing to take him, as my best friend is dead. Can I come back, Mr. Wild West?"

"As far as I am concerned, you can," was the reply of our hero. "You shouldn't bear me any grudge for shooting your brother, though. He brought it all on himself."

"I know he did. It was all his own fault."

At this juncture Bowery Bill rode up on a borrowed horse, and as soon as she saw him, Faro Fan ran over to him, exclaiming:

"Bill, poor Don has passed in his chips! I will marry you now, if you want me."

"All right, Fan. If the residents of Weston don't object, I'll go an' hunt up the minister at once."

"Don't get the one who was in your house last night," spoke up Rex Moore, the tenderfoot, tearing up the paper Dandy Don had forced him to sign and scattering the bits to the wind. "When you are done with the minister you can send him over to Young Wild West's house. Miss Alice Dare has agreed to marry me, and we may as well have it over with now!"

This was quite a surprise to Young Wild West and the rest.

But surprises were common thing in the town of Weston, as the reader knows.

Next week's issue will contain "YOUNG WILD WEST'S TRIUMPH; OR, WINNING AGAINST GREAT ODDS."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.

CURRENT NEWS

Samuel Bellah, of Multnomah Athletic Club at the Columbia Indoor meet, Portland, Ore., established a new world's record for indoor pole vaulting. He cleared the bar at 12 feet 7 3-8 inches. The previous indoor record was 12 feet 7 inches.

Because he cared for him while sick, William Gatterman, of Manitowoc, Wis., was left \$10,000 by Robert A. Wilson. Wilson came from Monroe and lived at the Gatterman home until taken to Milwaukee for treatment. Gatterman remained with him until he died. The two men were unknown to each other until five months ago.

At the recent meeting of the British Association in Australia Professors Edgeworth David and Wilson described a completely mineralized human skull found near Warwick in the Darling Downs of Queensland. It probably dates from a period when the great fossil marsupials were still living and is earlier than any other human remains hitherto found in Australia.

James Smith, thirty-five, was brought to the County Jail, Sandusky, Ohio, from Castalia, to serve 527 days for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Justice Charles Canfield, before whom he entered a plea of guilty, gave him six months, after assessing a fine of \$200 and costs. Canfield, in passing sentence, told Smith he was determined to have him stay sober for a while.

According to police records, the number of arrests in saloonless Bemidji, Minn., since the first of the year is less than one-seventh of the number made the year before when Bemidji had saloons. The total number of arrests from Jan. 1 to March 27 of last year was 115, while the total from Jan. 1 of this year to date is fifteen. Of the arrests this year twelve were for drunkenness.

There is a bit of romance about the reappointment of H. E. Webb, a merchant of Millville, Cal., as postmaster. Webb and his wife took the civil service examination. Mrs. Webb passed with a half per cent. better average than her husband. When the Democratic central committee made a recommendation to Congressman Baker, Mrs. Webb was indorsed rather than her husband, because she is a Democrat and he is a Republican. Mrs. Webb arranged with the department so that her husband was honored in stead of her.

A Norwegian steamship company, whose boats ply to various parts of the Arctic Ocean, has conceived a novel idea for the aeroplane, which it hopes to put into operation next spring. The route is frequently blocked by icebergs and ice floes, the steamers have much time in searching for a channel, and then usually do not find the best one.

The proposal is to have an aeroplane on each steamer. When ice is sighted, the aviator is to ascend and fly over the ice until he determines the best channel.

In a suit filed in the Supreme Court of New York asking \$20,000 damages from Dr. Perry R. McNeille, a dentist of No. 500 Fifth avenue, William B. Peck, a draughtsman, alleges that in October, 1911, Dr. McNeille, whom he visited because of toothache, gave him an anaesthetic and extracted a tooth. Peck declares the tooth vanished, and that not long after he began to cough and to lose weight. In the belief that he had tuberculosis he visited many sanitariums without getting relief. A short time ago, the complainant declares, he contracted what he believed to be pneumonia and had given up hope of recovery when one day he coughed violently and up came the vanished tooth. Peck declares that the tooth had been in his bronchial tubes more than three years, and that it was the cause of his illness.

Possibly your impression of a Zeppelin is that it is a cigar-shaped balloon with propelling apparatus added, says the American Boy. The large envelope of a Zeppelin dirigible is not entirely filled with gas, but contains instead sixteen separate "balloonets," each of which is filled with hydrogen. Thus a shot may pierce the envelope without bringing the airship to earth. Half the balloonets must be punctured before a Zeppelin can be brought down. A Zeppelin of the latest known type measures 400 feet in length and 50 in diameter. The frame which supports the envelope is constructed of aluminum. Because of this rigid construction it is possible to mount the propellers on the envelope. In the non-rigid dirigibles used by other European powers, the propeller is more usually mounted near the car. The Zeppelin has two cars, mounted close under the main body, each of which has a gasoline motor of 500 horsepower.

Judge Mark L. Bozarth, of Okmulgee, Okla., has appointed E. W. Kimbley as guardian of the person and estate of Katie Fuxeo, an incompetent. She is an Indian who owns a valuable tract of oil lands in the north end of the Cushing field. Title to property worth in the neighborhood of a million dollars will be affected by the ruling of the court. The Mideo Oil Company, operating on the land, holds a lease dated three years ago, given through the County Court. On the day the girl became of age she gave a lease to Harry C. Denton on the theory that the first lease expired with her minority. The land was sold on the following day by her to Walter Morton, brother of her former guardian, for \$23,000. The girl appeared in court, and during her testimony it was shown that she did not know a word of English, that she had left school at the age of eighteen while in the third grade, and that she knew nothing of the value of money.

The Fate of Philip Funk

—OR—

LEFT IN THE LAND OF FIRE

By "PAWNEE JACK"

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XII (continued)

"From Sidney, Australia, to Buenos Ayres, with a general cargo," replied Susie. "My father had been some years in that trade. This is my third trip through the straits. There is an immense stock of provisions on board. If you care to use them there is enough to keep us alive for years."

"The dwarfs won't let us live that long," replied George, "nor will they leave the ship. If she don't float they will soon be out after it, you may depend."

"She will not float," said Susie. "She struck with great force and I am sure ripped a big hole in her hull. It's against us all around, boys. I see no way out of it. I'm afraid we are doomed."

"Well, we are all in the same boat," said Tom, "and for my part I just won't take such a despairing view of it all. If there is something to eat over there in the ship let's have it by all means. Just as soon as the wind goes down I'll swim off to the wreck, load up a basket full of stuff and send it over on the bo'sen's chair."

"Right, boy!" cried George. "That's the way to talk. Never mind the smallpox, Miss Susie; let's forget it. Jeff will come back and get over the seare. You can't frighten me into the disease, that's one sure thing."

"Jeff is coming now!" cried Tom, pointing up the beach in the direction which the cook of the Sutton had run.

Jeff was running back now.

"Tom! Tom! Mass' George!" he shouted. "Oh, dis hyar's de wuss country, to be suah! Fust it's one thing and den it's anudder. We'se jest got to stick togedder, I spees, even if we do get de smallpox. Dey's a hundred boatloads of dem long-haired little niggahs a-bearing down upon the wreck, and dey's right here close onto us now."

This startling announcement brought George and Tom to their feet with a bound.

"It's the smoke of the fire!" cried Tom. "We never ought to have lighted it."

"We had to light it!" replied George. "Brace up, boy! Get your revolver ready. If they try to land we will give them a warm reception; but it's the wreck they are after, of course."

"Let's get back on top of the bluff," said Tom. "We can see all that's going on then and be out of the way of their arrows, too."

They accordingly ascended the bluff, where Jeff presently joined them, keeping at a distance from Susie.

Looking off upon the water, the sight was startling

enough. A great fleet of the queer little skin canoes of the Fuegian dwarfs were bearing down upon the wreck.

As the dwarfs caught sight of the figures on the bluff they began yelling like so many demons.

Then all at once a tall figure with a great head of shaggy hair rose up in one of the canoes and waved his arms above his head.

"A white man!" cried Tom. "See, George! See!"

"See! Don't I see?" cried George. "Great heavens, boy! It's Philip Funk!"

CHAPTER XIII.

WAS IT PHILIP FUNK?

"Who is Philip Funk?" asked Susie. "One of your party who was captured by the dwarfs?"

"Captured by them three years ago and over," said George. "It seems impossible that he can still live."

"Are you certain it is Philip Funk?" asked Tom. "How can you see his face at such a distance away?"

"Oh, I know him well enough!" said George. "Who could ever forget that mop of a head of his, once they had seen his hair standing up all over like that, and it's longer than ever now."

"He's calling to us!" cried Tom. "Oh, I wish I could hear what he says."

"I think he knows me," said George. "There! The dwarfs have pulled him down into the canoe. They are bound for the wreck. They may not trouble us at all."

The canoes came on with great rapidity.

When they came near the ledges many of the dwarfs shot arrows at the figures on the bluff, but when they saw that they all fell short they gave it up and, making for the ledge, were soon swarming up the deck, going up the steep and slippery planks like so many monkeys.

Others remained in the canoes and others still ran about on the ledge.

The boys did not get another sight of Philip Funk for some time, for the canoe in which he was went around on the other side of the ship; to strip the copper off the exposed bottom was what took the Fuegians ~~around there~~, George declared.

It had now stopped raining, and the sun soon came out.

It was a wonderful sight to watch the dwarfs, and that is what Tom and the rest did during the hour which followed.

They sat there on the edge of the bluff taking it all in, the dwarfs paying no attention to them at all.

The little Fuegians looked like a swarm of monkeys.

They were crawling up the deck, often losing their footing and rolling down against the rail.

Others were in the cabin and hold, tumbling down boxes and cases and barrels, anything they could lay their hands on.

These were received by their friends on the ledge, and loaded into the canoes.

When a canoe got as much aboard as it could carry it was paddled off around a projecting promontory a mile or so beyond the wreck by one or two of the dwarfs, who, disposing of their load, came flying back again for another.

"They must have a camp over there," said George.

"I wouldn't wonder," replied Tom; "but why do you suppose they don't cut the rope? They haven't attempted to interfere with it. Do you think it can be possible they mean to try and use it to get over here?"

"Don't think anything of the sort. They are just too busy stealing, that's all," said George. "Say, we don't seem to see any more of Philip Funk?"

"I think they must have tied him down in the boat," said Susie. "Are you sure he is your friend? My sight is pretty good, but I couldn't make out his face at all."

"I'm beginning to wonder whether after all it wasn't my imagination," said George.

"He was a white man fast enough," added Tom.

"Yes," said Jeff, "and he wanted us to get him away from dem niggahs, dat's what."

"Oh, if we only could," said George. "To stay here doing nothing is driving me crazy. What do you say if we go on along the bluff and see if we can get a look at their camp? While they are all out of it is a good time."

The suggestion seemed a good one, and all hands started along the bluff, continuing their walk until they were opposite the promontory around which the canoes were coming and going.

Here further advance was checked by a deep ravine, and in order to get around it they had to go far out towards the end of the promontory, which they did, and were enabled to get a look at the deep cove which set in on the other side.

There was no sign whatever of the Fuegian village.

Two canoes came along as they looked over the edge of the bluff, going toward the wreck.

They seemed to start out among the rocks, and they were into view all at once.

The dwarfs, who were paddling, set up a terrible howl when they saw the boys and Susie on the bluff.

The cry was immediately taken up by other voices down on the rocks.

Looking over the boy could see women and children ~~assembling~~ on the rocks, all looking up at them.

"There's a crew there," said Tom.

"Of course, and that's where they live," replied George. "What a ~~host~~ of them it must be!"

"A sail! A sail!" shouted Jeff at the same instant, and sure enough there was a full-rigged ship heading eastward through the straits. So interested had every one been looking down at the dwarfs that they had not noticed it before.

"That's the Sutton," cried George. "I'm sure of it. They have turned back!"

"Coming after us, perhaps," said Jeff, excitedly. "Golly, dat's good enuff! Ruther take me chances with Mass' Topham dan to be left in dis yere place."

Tom, George and Jeff now went down to the end of the promontory to get a better view of the ship.

Susie declared that she was too tired to walk any further, so seating herself on a pile of rocks, she said she would wait for their return.

There was no sign of the dwarfs, except under the cliffs, so there seemed to be no danger, and the boys went on down to the end of the promontory, leaving Susie to herself, as she evidently desired they should do.

Here they remained a good fifteen minutes watching the ship.

It was moving slowly eastward with all sails set to catch the light wind.

"It mightn't be the Sutton," said Tom. "We ought to make some signal."

"I'm sure it is the Sutton," replied George, "and even so, you are right. We must signal and let them know we are here."

"Don't see how youse a-gwine ter do it," said Jeff. "Dere hain't no wood hyar. We kean't build no fire, dat's suah!"

There were a few stunted fir trees growing at the end of the promontory, and George, climbing one of them, tied his red bandanna handkerchief to a projecting limb.

It caught the breeze and fluttered out seaward.

It was all they could do.

The straits were much wider here than lower down, and as the boys continued to watch the ship they saw to their dismay that she was standing over toward the Patagonian shore.

"That settles our hash," said George. "There is no use to hope for anything now. I can't make it out at all. If she's the Sutton, why should she go over there?"

Tom said nothing.

He began to think that George was growing fanciful.

He had been just as sure that the Martin Olsen was the E. W. Sutton.

Then in the mysterious white prisoner of the Fuegians he had been just as certain that he recognized Philip Funk, who there was every reason to believe had met with his fate three years before, and now in this ship he could see nothing but the Sutton again.

Still he did not like to say anything, and they were still watching the movement of the mysterious craft when all were startled by a piercing scream behind them.

"That girl," cried George.

They ran back toward the rocks.

Tom's heart sank as he looked ahead, for nothing of Susie could be seen.

(To be continued)

ITEMS OF INTEREST

MOTION-PICTURE FILMS INSTRUCT RECRUITS.

For a year or more preceding the outbreak of the war, the German Government made extensive use of motion-picture films both for instructing recruits and for making the military service popular with the public, says Popular Mechanics. Recruits were instructed in such matters as mounting guard, tent erecting, bayonet drill, etc., through the medium of films. Films were also used for giving instruction in the "scientific" branches of military work, such as bridge building, railway destruction, throwing up earthworks, the erection of barricades for street fighting, mine sprung and pontoon work. Special films showing military maneuvers were supplied to motion-picture operators without charge, and were exhibited to the public throughout the empire.

ORIGIN OF THE DUM-DUM BULLET.

"It was during the Chitral relief expedition of 1895," the Army and Navy Gazette tells us, "that it was found that the small caliber bullet of the Lee-Metford rifle, then for practically the first time seriously on trial in the field, did not possess sufficient 'stopping' power to check the rush of the tribesmen. There were instances on record of Pathans who continued to 'come on' after being hit three or more times by the bullets of our men's rifles, and who were able to get to work with the chura long after, by all the rules of the game, they ought to have dropped in their tracks. It was then that the superintendent of the small-arms factory at Dum-Dum was asked to devise a bullet which would stop a rush, and the result was the bullet with the core exposed for a short distance from the point downwards, which was known as the Dum-Dum bullet, and which on encountering resistance expanded by the mushrooming of the lining. This bullet was strenuously objected to at The Hague Conference, especially by the German representatives, whose humanitarianism is, as we all know, very especially acute; and the Dum-Dum bullet was accordingly withdrawn from service and has never since been issued."

MACHINE GUNS DRAWN BY DOGS.

The Belgians employ dogs to draw their machine guns, and it is an undoubted fact that the Belgian machine-gun dogs appear to revel in their work to the same extent as their Arctic cousins in the drawing of sledges. Before the war it was estimated that there were 150,000 dogs in Belgium, of which 10,000 were in Brussels.

The dogs cost about fifty francs for a male, forty francs for a female. The daily ration costs ten centimes if fed on scraps, twenty-five centimes when food is purchased. Against these figures a horse costs 1,000 francs, and costs 1.75 francs per day for food. Requires stabling and expensive saddlery, the saddle alone costing 400 francs, whereas the cost of the harness for a dog is 100 francs, and for the gun carriage 200 francs.

The dogs are trained gradually. With a weight of 300 pounds behind the traces the team can travel at the rate of four and three-quarters miles an hour, though the gun detachment would be unable to march at this rate. At some maneuvers carried out in 1913 the machine gun dogs marched 122 kilometers in three days.

Dog transport would appear to have the following advantages: Inexpensive, the dogs are strong and hardy, can stand cold, will eat at any time, can exist and work for a long time without food, will work till they die, can go anywhere, never shirk their work.

Its disadvantages are: The dogs are apt to bark, are surly, subject to hydrophobia, want a lot to drink in hot weather, must be kept dry or they suffer from sore feet.

SCIENTISTS AT A LOSS.

Scientists who see to-day how few people live to be a hundred years old, find themselves at a loss to explain how Methuselah managed to live 969 years, while Noah reached the respectable age of 595 years. Recently, however, a discovery has been made which helps to explain this mystery.

When the causes of short life nowadays are counted up, it is found that most of the deaths are due to disease. Very few people die from old age. And the reason why people die from any one disease is that they have been weakened by other illnesses which they have had, or which have been handed down to them by their ancestors. For example, one widespread social scourge which weakens the constitution of many men and women to-day was probably unknown in primitive times.

To some of these diseases the human race has become so accustomed that it is immune. Measles will kill off a whole Indian tribe, but among the white races it is only an annoying childhood malady. But the variations of disease increase far more rapidly than the immunity.

Noah and the other patriarchs didn't have nearly as many different kinds of diseases to face, because they hadn't had enough ancestors to hand them down a variety. Consequently their constitutions were not constantly being weakened as are ours to-day. For example, there is no reference in very ancient literatures to a cold in the head. The Greeks and Romans seem to have been the first peoples to suffer from it.

The real reason why the patriarchs lived longer than we do now was because in those days the fount of humanity was fresher. While immunity to certain diseases has been handed down to us by our parents, we have also received the weakened vitality which was theirs as a result of their fight against disease. Sooner or later the race will become immune to tuberculosis, but with that immunity will come the diminished power as a result of mankind's long fight against the white plague.

THE ROB ROYS

—OR—

BOLD BOB, THE CAPTAIN OF THE TEAM

By DICK ELLISON

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER III (continued)

Meanwhile the heroic young captain of the Rob Roys had wended his way back to Fairview. Of course he was late, but he did not mind that, for he had been the means of saving the girl he loved from the hands of his enemy. Supper was nearly over when he entered the warm, bright dining-room, and Professor Romaine looked up in surprise.

"You are late, Robert," he remarked. "How did it happen?"

"I will explain it to you later, sir," the young man answered. "I am not late on my own account, but if you will allow me a short interview with you after supper is ended, I can tell you all."

Professor Romaine looked at him curiously, but said nothing beyond nodding his head gravely. But when the meal drew to a close he hurriedly dismissed the other boys, and motioned for Robert to follow him to his own private studio.

He listened gravely to the young man's story, and when he was done with it, he grasped him by the hand, saying earnestly:

"My boy I am proud of you. I never liked Henry Selden, but I never believed he was such a scoundrel as all that. But you gave him the punishment he deserved. If there is anything in this world that I despise, it is a man of that type. There is nothing bad enough for him."

"I have reason to believe that he will remember me as long as he lives," Robert remarked, with a grim smile. "For if he does not wear a pair of lovely black eyes for the next ten days, then I do not know what I am talking about."

"Well, since you have given him a severe punishment, he will not be likely to interfere with you again," Professor Romaine said; "and once he is defeated by the Rob Roys, he will be somewhat meeker."

And yet how little he dreamed of the cowardly scheme to defeat the Rob Roys, being planned even at that moment. Long after he was peacefully slumbering and the gallant young captain was alone in his room, poring over his books far into the night, both Henry Selden and his companion in sin, Rinold Wamba, were plotting and planning how they could best ruin the life of handsome Robert MacGregor.

They met in a small grove only a short distance from the Reno college, and there they conversed for a long time, laying their evil schemes.

"I tell you that scurrilous cad shall never triumph over

me," Henry Selden said, with a vicious snap of his strong, white teeth. "Before I will ever allow the Rob Roys to beat the Orangemen, and he be the hero of the affair, I swear before heaven that I will kill him with my own hands! I am not afraid to do it either. When you come right down to business, he is a coward and a loafer who—"

"You are mistaken there, my dear boy," and Rinold Wamba laughed wickedly as he spoke. "There is not a single spark of cowardice in his whole body, as you well know, but let him alone in that line. What were you about to suggest?"

"That the Rob Roys should be beaten by foul means, if we cannot do it by fair," was the answer hissed between Henry Selden's set teeth. "I tell you plainly, Wamba, that the Orangemen shall either conquer or die! Robert MacGregor, the handsome beggar, who is the captain of the Rob Roys, shall never get the laugh on yours truly. I have always hated the fellow, and now I hate him worse than ever!"

"But how are you going to prevent the Rob Roys winning?" Rinold Wamba asked, a ring of curiosity in his voice. "I do not understand it at all."

"How?" and Henry Selden laughed wickedly. "How? I shall kill him! I will not allow him to stand in my way, no matter what the cost may be. Listen, you know Louis Wallace, the half-breed. Well, for a small sum of money he will commit almost any deed. He is under obligations to me, and I need only ask him to send a bullet through Bold Bob's heart when it will be done, and to the one he serves he is as faithful as a dog."

Bad as he was, Rinold Wamba could not help but shudder at his companion's words, and his swarthy face grew pale.

"You would kill him, then?" he asked, huskily. "You would kill him in order to win the game? You—you—"

"I would do anything to defeat that cad," was the savage retort. "I would hesitate at nothing, for I hate him so!"

Wamba shuddered. There was no mercy, no pity in Henry Selden's nature, and he knew it, and if he should once turn on him what hope would he have?

A few moments later and Louis Wallace, a low-browed, skulking half-breed, joined them. It was then planned that he should be present at the ball game and if he saw the Rob Roys were sure to be the victors, he was to send a bullet through the gallant young captain's heart.

"My aim is sure, my hand is steady, Mr. Selden," he said, with a wicked chuckle, "and this young man who now stands in your way will soon be removed. Ah, but a friend in need, is a friend indeed. If the Orangemen cannot win the game, then we will have the pleasure of destroying the whole thing. But trust in me. I never yet betrayed a friend, or one who trusted me."

CHAPTER IV.

OVERHEARD BY TIP AND TOPSEY.

A few moments later; and the precious trio parted, each going their separate ways. Scarcely had they disappeared from sight, when two small jet-black faces with knots of wool standing out in every direction, suddenly appeared above the hedges.

"Did yo' heah dat, Tip, fo' de Lawd's sake, did yo' heah dat? Dem villains done gwine ter shoot young Marse Bob clean fro' de gizzard, an' he'll be kilt daid fo' shuah. What we gwine ter do, Tip, fo' de lub ob de Lawd, what we gwine ter do?"

It was a girl's voice, and it came from the small girl whose big, black eyes were almost popping out of her head with terror. She clutched the arm of her companion, a boy of about the same age and size, shaking him violently.

"Look heah, Topsey, doan' yo' know no moah den ter shake my teeth 'outen my head?" he asked. "Yo' am a fool nigger. Neber saw a yaller gal dat knows so little. How in de name ob de Lawd am dey gwine ter shoot Marse Bob when de ball game doan come off till ter-morrow? Hain't we got time ter run back ter de college and done tell him? Go 'way dar, yo' make me tired. Yo' am a gal, an' dey hain't no good. Pappy says so."

"Shut up, nigger," and the speaker edged nearer her brother, doubling up her fists in a threatening manner. "Shut up, fo' I bends dat black mug all out of shape. If I gib yo' one bang on dat mop ob wool, yo' neber see straight while yo' lib; yo' heah dat, nigger? I done gwine ter tell mammy on yo', and she whale de stuffin' outer yo'."

"Deed she won't, an' if yo' say so, I'll git pappy ter wallop yo'. But look-a heah, how we gwine ter manage 'bout stealin' dem chickens an' tellin' Marse Bob ter look out fo' his gizzard?" Tip asked, anxiously.

"I done hate ter let dem chickens slide, but Marse Bob hev been mighty good ter me, an' I think I see him befo'. Say, Tip, what's de matter wif lettin' dem hens an' roosters go till some oder night? I feels mighty funny like," was Topsy's answer.

"I reckons yo' am right, honey," and Tip chuckled while he shrugged his shoulders. "I reckons yo' am right, Lawd, how I does lub Marse Bob, an' I se gwine ter tell him how dem pizen skunks want ter put a bullet plumb fro' his gizzard. Come, honey, we'se bettah git home, fo' it gittin' late, an' mammy she'll wallop th' stuffin' outen u' fo' shuah."

So hand in hand the pair of little coons scrambled over the hedge, and started on a run for the college. They were twins, the children of Rosie, the cook, and Jerry, the

colored gardener, and they were capable of more mischief than any other couple in America.

While they annoyed the students at Fairview, they also served to amuse them, and really to look at them one would have to smile, for they were the oddest looking twins in the world, with their kinky locks and inky faces.

Tip was his father's favorite, while Topsy was the idol of her mother's heart.

At first their story was not believed at Fairview, for I am sorry to say that the twins had a way of enlarging their very strong tales, and it took some time to convince our hero that they were speaking the truth.

"I clar fo' de Lord, Marse Bob, dat I done tell yo' de trufe," and Tip rolled his eyes about in his head. "I done heah de hull ting, an' I swar dat I hain't tellin' no lies, sah. Deed an' deed I hain't."

And when he stopped to think of it, Robert was convinced that he was telling the truth, for there was nothing too mean for Henry Selden to do. And yet he had no fear, for Robert MacGregor was not afraid of any living man in the world. Nevertheless he resolved to be on the lookout for his enemy.

At last the day of the great ball game rolled around, and the excitement concerning both teams knew no bounds. Each had their friends, and those friends were sure that their favorites would win.

The grand stand was packed when the Rob Roys entered the field. At sight of the familiar plaid, a mighty cheer arose, and then the cry:

"The Rob Roys! The Rob Roys forever!"

In return the eager boys answered with their own familiar yells:

"Rah! Rah! Rah!

"Rub-a-dub-dub!

"Who can conquer the Rob Roys' Club?"

Scarce had the echo died away when, with a great blare of trumpets, the Orangemen dashed up, and the next moment a moving line of black and yellow faced the wall of silken plaid. Then they answered with their cry:

"Orangemen! Orangemen! Orangemen true!"

"Will conquer you, will conquer you!"

In the midst of mad cheering the rival teams took their places in the field. Robert MacGregor caught sight of Henry Selden's dark, scowling face, and he suddenly remembered Tip's warning. In the excitement of the great event he had completely forgotten it.

"But he will never dare harm me," he muttered to himself. "He is like all bullies, a big boast and a coward. Let him try it just once, and he will regret it to the last hour of his life. I would like to catch him at any of his dirty tricks."

Henry Selden's eyes did flash hatred and revenge as they met the calm glance of the gallant captain of the Rob Roys, and he ground his teeth in bitter, silent rage.

"That beggar thinks he will win," he said, savagely. "But, blame him, he shall not! If Louis does his work well he will soon be out of the way. Then I shall have the pleasure of seeing Miss Sidney Worth crying over his dead body. I hate her almost as much as I do him."

(To be continued)

TIMELY TOPICS

After establishing a record for continuous fasting, Jim Robinson, of Warsaw, Ind., asked for a glass of buttermilk, and as he slowly swallowed it admitted that it tasted good. This was the first nourishment taken by Robinson, who is an inmate of the county infirmary, for eight weeks. His long fast was due to lack of appetite and the fact that the taste and smell of food nauseated him. Physicians here declare his case has no parallel in medical history. Fifty-five days was held to be the limit of man's endurance, yet Robinson passed that mark by more than a day and is still alive. During that period he lost nearly 100 pounds. Except for being weakened, his general physical condition was not affected.

For the license of Bubbles, a dog owned by Edward W. Burns, former proprietor of the Hotel Ramsdell, Warren, Mass., 200 cents were paid to Town Clerk William F. Duncan. Bubbles collected the cents himself from traveling salesmen and other guests in the hotel. He is a Boston bull terrier, six years old, and is known to every child in Warren. Bubbles will not be satisfied unless he is given a cent. At all times he will refuse silver. When a cent is thrown to him, he grabs it in his teeth and runs to a corner of a room, and then returns for more. At the beginning of the year Mr. Burns' son began to save the cents received by Bubbles. The cents are on exhibition in the window of a Main street store.

An English paper has just printed a narrative which discloses those depths of human brotherhood that lie far below the storms of war's fierce passions. It illustrates well the truth that the soldiers of the warring nations are settling no quarrel of their own. Only a few feet separated the opposing trenches of the English and Germans. Hostilities had ceased. An Englishman, with a camera in his hand, ventured to call across the narrow space: "Any of you want your pictures taken?" Five Germans appeared above the trenches, and with smiling faces were photographed. These men, cherishing no grudge each for the other, knew that when the order came they must shoot across that intervening space to kill.

"He bought me a paper cap with silver paper wings on our silver wedding anniversary and I flew right down here," said Mrs. William Corn, of Detroit, Mich., to Justice Stein. The woman had her husband arrested for disturbing the peace. She became angry when he gave her only the paper cap while other relatives gave her a silver dinner. An argument started at their home and continued until they reached her father's home, where the celebration was to be held. William was arrested. "I told him I would take those wings and fly right to see Judge Stein," the woman told the court. "The idea, after twenty-five years of married life, to get a paper cap and wings!" Sentence was suspended on William on his promise to be more considerate.

A serious situation has arisen in the Intercollegiate Fencing League over the question of the adoption by the league of the three-year rule, which has caused such a bitter contest in the Intercollegiate Basketball League and the swimming association. Harvard, Yale and Cornell are favoring the adoption of the three-year rule, which bars freshmen, and its adoption is being opposed by Columbia, Pennsylvania and the United States Military Academy. The passing of the three-year rule would drive Columbia and Pennsylvania out of the league, according to delegates from these two colleges. It was owing to the passing of this rule that Columbia withdrew from the hockey league, and there is some talk of her getting out of the basketball league for the same reason.

Oscar Sutherland, of Haddon Heights, a suburb of Camden, N. J., was taken from there to the county jail, where he was held in default of bail to answer a charge of having broken open the poor box in the room of Haddon Heights Lodge, No. 191, F. and A. M., of which he is a member. It is charged that a ten-dollar bill which had been previously marked was found on him. Private detectives employed by the Masons, and themselves Masons, make the charge. In the last year much money had been missed from the poor box in the lodgeroom. It was decided the money was taken nights, and recently the carpet was raised and a trap set. A board was so placed that a person stepping upon it bore it down until it made an electrical connection which lighted a lamp. The detectives remained in the lodgeroom, and they said that at 4:45 o'clock the other morning Sutherland entered, and, standing upon the board, opened the box with a false key and abstracted money. Sutherland is 35 years old, and lives at Seventh avenue and Green street, Haddon Heights.

At their own expense Capts. H. D. South and E. R. Beadle, U. S. M. C., are making experiments with carrier pigeons as a means of communication between the fleet and expeditionary forces of marines. It is reported that despite the development of wireless telegraphy, field telegraphy and other modern modes of communication, carrier pigeons are being used extensively in the European war. According to these reports there are 20,000 pigeons with the British army, and the other armies are using pigeons in sending messages under certain conditions where it is claimed that they prove a better means of communication than wireless or any other system. It is thought that pigeons would be of special use in the sending of small detachments into the interior of a wild country, where it would be impossible to carry a wireless outfit. Captains South and Beadle have purchased some high-bred Belgian pigeons and are sending them to Guantanaino, where Capt. W. G. Fay, commandant of the Marine Corps Barracks, will conduct the experiments.

Wild West Weekly

NEW YORK, MAY 7, 1915.

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GOOD CURRENT NEWS ARTICLES

One hundred and seventy University of Illinois co-eds have earned \$2,545 toward their living and school expenses since last fall. Housework, caring for children and waiting on table were some of their activities.

One of the most unusual methods of taking testimony in the history of the local courts was resorted to recently when Dr. George H. Brown, a victim of smallpox and a patient at the contagious disease hospital, Grand Rapids, Mich., testified over the telephone in a damage suit in the Circuit Court. One attorney for each side and a court stenographer heard the testimony over separate receivers.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Slifer, of Freeport, Ill., both ninety-eight years old, celebrated their seventy-sixth wedding anniversary. They are believed to hold the American record for length of wedded life. They have three children, the oldest son being seventy-five, who were present at the celebration. Mr. and Mrs. Slifer have lived very temperate lives, and in the last fifty years nothing except religious meetings have kept them up later than 9 o'clock.

James Bookwater, while plowing on his farm, near Findlay, Ohio, saw a snake crawl into a small opening in the ground. He investigated, picked up a shovel, and with a little digging discovered a small cave occupied by scores of snakes. Bookwater called for help and when the small army of men were through with the slaughter 125 had been killed. All were of the blue racer variety. Several of the large ones showed fight, but they were killed without much trouble.

John Kirby, of Los Angeles, born in England, veteran of the Civil War, and a voter at every Presidential election since the close of the war, has just discovered that he is still an alien. Kirby, now seventy-three, took the oath of allegiance when he joined the army and assumed that that oath made him an American citizen. While proving up on a homestead in the United States land office he was asked to show his naturalization papers. He had none. After fifty-three years of practical citizenship, he said he would try again legally to become an American.

Lord Kitchener has called on Canada for a second expeditionary force. The news was given Parliament the other night by Premier Sir Robert Borden, who said that the call had been expected for some time. Three months ago Lord Kitchener was informed that the force was ready in Canada to board troop ships and sail for Europe. Premier Borden said that since that time the war office had made suggestions which had been followed with absolute precision by the Canadian authorities. Now that the summons has come, the second expeditionary force would go forward at an unrevealed date in the near future to join the first expeditionary Canadian force now at the front. The announcement of Lord Kitchener's call was received with cheers from both parties in the House. "So far as at present can be foreseen," said the premier, "a total of about 150,000 men will be required should the war last another year. That is to say, an original force of 50,000 plus 50,000 sent overseas for reinforcements, plus 50,000 in Canada under training."

GRINS AND CHUCKLES

She—My parrot says some awfully clever things. He—And who taught it to talk? She—Oh, I did.

"How did you come out with your lawsuit?" "I won it." "Get damages?" "Sure. I got almost enough to pay my lawyer."

"Say, mamma," queried little Elsie, "what is a stag party?" "Stag, my dear, is an abbreviation of stagger," replied the knowing mother.

"I've always been taught to make a little go a great way," remarked the farmer, as he dropped a pebble from the top of the Washington monument.

Father—I wonder what's the matter with Nellie this evening? She acts like one possessed. Sister—She probably is. I noticed a new ring on her finger when she came downstairs.

Customer—I want to get a collar for my wife's poodle. Dealer—Something plain, sir? Customer—No, something showy and expensive-looking. I want some one to steal the little beast.

Killsem (a native of the Cannibal Islands)—They are having a barbecue down on the beach. Eatsem—What's the entree, man or woman? Killsem—Neither. They've captured a ship laden with New York newspapers, and they are devorring the news.

"Comit," said the lady to the foreign nobleman at the charity bazaar, "won't you buy this rose? It is only one guinea." "I am very sorry," said the count, with a courtly bow, "but ze price is a little too high." The lady kissed the rose. "And now, count, will you buy it?" "No, madame," he said, with a still deeper bow. "Now ze rose is priceless."

"BOYCOTTED."

By Paul Braddon

My duty not long since carried me over the water and led me to Ireland, thrilled from one end to the other by a deep feeling of hatred toward the large landed proprietors.

It is not my intention to go into any learned disquisition on the p's and q's of the situation, but my observation satisfied me that there is much to say on both sides, although, as is natural, my sympathies ran toward the popular side.

In — I saw a family of eight huddled together in a little shanty, the children all but naked, and poverty their constant guest.

The head of this family had a "holding" of a few acres, but not anywhere near enough to support his family and pay the heavy ground rent.

He was to be sympathized with, for so hard put to it was the family that I was informed they had none of them eaten a mouthful of meat in a year.

On the contrary, however, a little intelligent effort—which they were free to make—would have made their home cleaner and more comfortable than it was.

The fact of my being an American was an "open sesame" for me, and the Irish people did not at all hesitate to take me into their confidence, so satisfied are they that America and Americans are in sympathy with them: and they are not far wrong.

I traveled over a good part of Ireland at the time, and in one town was a witness to an affair of "Boycotting," which is, namely—leaving the "Boycotted" person entirely to his own resources; not speaking to, assisting, or being assisted by, the obnoxious individual.

In the present instance the "boycotted" individual was a certain Jerry McTeigue.

At a no very distant date he had been the "holder" of a small farm, but certain apparent qualities had so recommended him to the owner or landlord, that Jerry had been made a sort of superintendent of the farms and tenants.

When, in response to the landlord's notices, the tenants failed to pay their rents promptly, Jerry had been engaged to hurry them up.

Carried away by his little brief authority, he belied every opinion heretofore formed of him, by becoming oppressive, and overbearing and harsh.

Slowly a deep feeling arose against him, which had gained such proportions by the time he realized the fact that he could not undo it.

Becoming aware that he was held in detestation, cursed whenever he went, pelted on several occasions with rotten eggs, and suffering various other indignities, his wrath was aroused, and he determined to more than get square with his enemies.

"The rent must be paid at once, or out you go."

These words were so frequently on his lips that they became stereotyped, and he acted up to the very letter of his threats.

The storm of indignation against him reached its highest point when he infamously turned a widow (her husband

had died the week before) and her small children out of doors.

I was present at a chance gathering of the Irish "holders," who are now known under the general term of "land-leaguers."

It was solemnly enjoined upon all present not to have aught to do with Jerry McTeigue, not to speak to him, nor do him a favor, but rather to obstruct him wherever possible in the performance of his duties.

As a result of this meeting, McTeigue passed to and fro among them, but none answered his "Top o' the marnin'," or his bows; only angry glances and frowning brows were turned toward him.

They avoided him as if he were a leper.

"See here, Denny," said Jerry, stopping on the road a man who had long been his neighbor, an old-time friend, and indeed a crony—"see here, Denny, old man, why don't you stop and take an old friend by the hand as you used to do? Here, shake hands with me!"

From his head to his feet a pair of scornful eyes surveyed the agent, and then Denny replied, in a cutting tone:

"Shake hands with you? I'd rather shake hands with the devil himself! Shake hands with you? Jerry McTeigue, I'd be roasted first! If you wasn't an Irishman like myself, I could forgive you belike. But whin a man goes back on his own countrymen, he ain't fit to live. Shake hands with you? If I ever so far forget myself, may my good right hand wither and rot until the flesh falls from the bones!—may my eyes be struck with blindness!—may my tongue be torn out!—and may I go limping through purgatory forver!"

The intense detestation visible in Denny's words and manner angered the agent, who, despite the despicable part he was playing, was not devoid of a certain courage, which caused him to spring close to the man who had uttered this fearful adjuration.

"Denny, man, you'll regret ever having said those words to me," shaking his finger in front of Denny's face.

"Take it down!"

As he said this Denny knocked aside the threatening forefinger and spat at it contemptuously.

Jerry clenched his fists.

"Ha!" snarled Denny, "do you show fight? Whoop! That suits me exactly. I've been waiting the chance to give ye a good drubbing. Take that, ye spalpane!" giving Jerry a black eye, which he carried for many a day.

Jerry did not fight back.

He knew that Denny was the better man, and pocketed the insults and the blow, and went his way, threatening roundly, and vowing vengeance on the other's head.

A month or more passed away, and it was then that I appeared on the scene.

By this time Jerry had been so thoroughly boycotted that he could not even purchase goods at any of the neighboring stores.

They would not sell to him.

Just at this time Denny had the misfortune to break his leg.

It was a piece of very hard luck, as rent day was not

very far distant, and the land-leaguers as yet had not got so far as to dare to absolutely refuse to pay rent.

Denny was just able to hobble around when rent day arrived.

Almost to the hour Jerry McTeigue put in an appearance, an evil and triumphant smile on his lips, for he guessed that Denny would be unable to pay his rent, not having done "a tap of work" since the breaking of his leg.

"Are you ready with your rent?" he demanded.

"I am not."

"Perhaps ye'll have it afore dark?"

"I shall not."

"Do you refuse to pay?"

"I can't pay."

"Well, it's all the same. I suppose you know what to expect?"

"What?"

"Dispossession."

"Of course, seeing the power is in such hands as yours," said Denny. "And you'll no be givin' me a week?"

"A week? No, not a day; not an hour. I owe you a grudge, Denny, for what you said to me, and I mean to square it. I'll be off for the papers at once."

The law allows three days, and promptly on their expiration Jerry McTeigue put in an appearance.

One of Denny's children had suddenly fallen seriously ill, but this fact had no weight with Jerry, who proceeded to ruthlessly hustle Denny's few poor things out of doors, together with the sick child.

The exposure, brief as it was before she was taken into the hut of a kind-hearted neighbor, caused the child's death.

Having heard of Denny's case, I sympathized with him, and paid him a visit to proffer some little assistance, and chanced to be in the hovel when the child died.

"This goes to the account of Jerry McTeigue," said Denny, his face expressing as much resentment as sorrow.

Half an hour later I found him behind an outhouse, engaged in loading up an old-fashioned pistol.

He had already got the charge of powder in, and was putting in a bit of the head part of a spike as a bullet, when I came upon him.

He hastily concealed the weapon on seeing me, and at once began talking of America.

"Can you loan me the money to go there?" he finally asked me. "I'll pay you back in good time."

"I can, and will lend you the money," I said. "But, Denny, I hope you intend nobody any harm?"

He looked earnestly at me.

"I'm no coward, nor a skulker, nor an assassin. No man can, and no man ever shall, say that I took any advantage of him."

With this reply I was forced to be content.

About a week later a wild rumor ran through the whole county.

Jerry McTeigue, the agent, had been "boycotted" to his death.

In company with many others I made my way to the spot where the body of Jerry had been discovered.

The inhuman agent was stretched at full length on the

earth, his face turned up to the sky, a big, dark-red patch of coagulated blood on his forehead.

Near by him lay a revolver, one barrel of which was discharged.

Some said it was a case of suicide, and I knew that if it was not, he had at least had a show for his life.

I did not wish to know too much, and turned away from the spot.

I found, on returning, that Denny was gone, whether no one seemed to know.

I said nothing, but instinctively I knew how the agent had met his death.

But, after all, it was only surmise, and I did not actually wish to know anything, so I soon packed up my things and left the town.

Going into Dublin by train I heard two gentlemen speaking of affairs—of how alarming they were growing—in Ireland.

"The fatal missile was dug out, and proved to be a bit of spike."

Who it was that was killed by the bit of spike I never knew.

Nor can I guess—perhaps because I don't wish to.

You, reader, may be able to connect the two circumstances, although I cannot.

I'll say no more, further than that Denny is in New York, and that, true to his word, he has returned the money I loaned him.

"Was there much excitement that day?" he asked me on the occasion when he came to pay back the money.

"What day?"

"Why, the day I—"

He paused, and we looked fixedly at each other for several minutes.

"I am a detective, attached to the New York force," I then said.

He looked a little startled at first, but soon an expression of confidence came into his face.

"Bless you!" he said, and extended his hand.

Silently we shook hands, and silently parted.

I don't want to see him again.

You can guess why.

Before a man lights a cigar he always has to cut or bite off the end in order that the cigar will draw well. Even then the cigar occasionally does not smoke as it should. To remedy these defects a certain cigarmaker cuts off the end of the cigars which he manufactures and inserts a large pin about two inches in length and provided with a head similar to the tip of the cigar which was removed. The pin is the same color as the cigar and in no respect detracts from the appearance of the article. In fact, the casual observer would not notice it. As a first aid to improve the smoking qualities of the cigar it is highly efficient. The consumer merely pulls the pin from the end of the cigar and then enjoys a perfect smoke. He doesn't have to bite off the cigar end and he doesn't have to fuss with the cigar to get it to smoke evenly and to draw well. This handy scheme has delighted all smokers who have tried it.

NEWS OF THE DAY

No matter who Connie Mack ultimately chooses to play ~~the~~ base in place of Frank Baker, Larry Lajoie will take his place in the batting order. Larry, who is still one of the greatest hitters in the game, just fits into the clean-up fourth position in the Macklan batting order. The chances are that the order of hitting will not be a great departure from that of last year. Murphy, of course, will lead off, and Oldring, as usual, is probably the best guess for second man up. As for the third hitter, that is yet an unsettled question, because some of the positions on the club are unsettled.

The prices of a very large number of chemicals that have been affected by the embargo on German commerce have advanced tremendously of late, and even at the exorbitant prices quoted there is very little of any of these articles to be had. Carbolic acid has gone from 12 cents a pound, wholesale, to \$1.50; salicylic acid from 30 cents to \$1.60; phenacetin from \$2.75 to \$8. and benzole from 75 cents to \$4 a gallon. Naturally all potash salts have gone off in proportion, and now permanganate of potash is quoted at 40 cents as against 11 cents of a few months ago, while there is a corresponding shortage and advance in price of other salts of this necessary chemical.

It will be news to most people that there is in England a tavern where smoking is prohibited. The house is situated in Artillery row, not a stone's throw from Liverpool street station, and it is remarkable how few Londoners know of London's only smokeless tavern. It was established in 1682. The stranger who enters its doors is promptly served with a pamphlet in which is set forth the curious rules by which the establishment is bound. Rule one puts up the bar against him who has drunk unwisely and too well. Rule 2. "No person or party of persons can be served under any circumstances more than once, the rule being that he, she or they (as the case may be) must have left the house at least half an hour before either are entitled to be served again."

Kamp Kill Kare, the magnificent estate in the Adirondacks, which was owned by Timothy L. Woodruff and was sold to Francis P. Garvan, ex-Assistant District Attorney of New York, was almost totally destroyed early this morning by a fire which started in the servants' quarters. The loss will reach between \$75,000 and \$100,000 and is partly covered by insurance. This camp has been the meeting place of many politicians and big men prominent in finance in New York State. It was here that politicians gathered to talk over campaigns on the quiet. Mr. Woodruff expended about half a million dollars in developing the camp to what was one of the most elaborately furnished camp in the mountain. The camp includes about twenty buildings and 1,200 acres of land. Two of the buildings were saved by Superintendent

Fred. Maxan and helpers. The main part, however, was burned. One of the buildings saved was that known as the Governor's room. Mr. Garvan, the new owner, came up from New York the other night and went to the camp. He brought an architect with him and stated that he would rebuild at once for the summer.

This is to be the greatest year for stockmen of the Southwest in half a century, according to Dr. George A. Lipp, of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture, who recently made a tour of parts of Texas and New Mexico. "Taken as a whole, last winter was hard on both cattle and sheep," says Dr. Lipp, "but the loss has been comparatively small, less even than in less severe winters, because the stockman has learned how to take care of his stock. They have come to realize that they must feed; that winter range alone will not produce the income to which they are entitled. Cattle and sheep are worth too much these days to lose. Ewes are worth \$6.50 a head, and wool is likely to be worth 18 to 22 cents a pound this year. The prospects for a big spring crop of lambs is better than it has been for a long time. It would take a miracle to prevent the stockman of the Southwest making some money this year. There is very little scab and little infection on the open range." Conditions in the western part of New Mexico and in Arizona have not been good, particularly among the Moqui and Navajo Indians, who have been heavy losers of sheep from cold weather and deep snows. The Government has begun the erection of windmills on the Indian reservations of New Mexico and Arizona to foster the livestock industry.

The largest squad in the history of football at Princeton reported to Coach Rush's first call for candidates for the spring football practice which began the other week. Approximately forty men turned out the first day, and that number Coach Rush hopes to double before the spring practice has closed. The work has been light, consisting mainly of practice in handling the ball, forward and lateral passing, running down under punts and practices in quick starting for both linemen and backs. Capt. Glick and H. S. Stuckey, '08, are Coach Rush's assistants and will be aided by several of the varsity men who graduate this June. Practice will be held as often as the weather permits and will last for about five weeks, ending in some signal drills and light scrimmage work together, with the annual contest in punting, drop kicking and passing. The aim of the spring practice this year is to teach fundamentals so well that no time need be lost over them next fall. In commenting on the first day of practice Coach Rush said: "I am well pleased with the showing, although I hope to have twice as many men. For the present we will confine our attention to getting the men into shape, devoting most of the time to kicking, passing, starting and carrying the ball in the open."

INTERESTING ARTICLES

A QUICK MARRIAGE.

"We have but six minutes to get our license, have the ceremony performed and catch our car," said Carl Jeremias, twenty-two, as he requested haste of the license clerk of Fremont, Ohio. He was married to Miss Gladys Bauer, eighteen, in record-breaking time. A taxi was used in covering the ground from the courthouse and church to the station. Jeremias and his bride-to-be waited at the courthouse door half an hour for the license clerk.

A MARVELOUS EDIFICE.

The Cathedral of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, was built by the Emperor Justinian, in the year A. D. 568, and on the site of another church which had been erected by Constantina the Great in 325, but was afterward destroyed by fire.

The architects of the present building were Anthemis of Trallis, and Isodore of Miletus. New taxes were imposed in order to raise the funds necessary for the construction of the edifice, which was to be built of such costly materials as to surpass in magnificence the famous temple of Solomon.

Every kind of marble that could be procured for the columns—white marble with pink veins from Phrygia, green and blue marble from Libya, black marble with white veins, and white marble with black veins, granite from Egypt, and porphyry from Sais.

Ten thousand men were employed upon the work, and it was completed in eight years. The edifice is crowned with a gigantic cupola, surrounded by nine smaller ones. They are supported by four columns each, and between them are eight porphyry columns from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek.

Four green pilasters from the Temple of Ephesus support the women's choir, and there are sixty-seven other columns, all of granite or red marble, and delicately carved, in various parts of the building. Inside the green cupola is an inscription from the Koran, in gold letters thirty feet high, meaning, "God is the light of heaven and earth."

At the four corners of the central portion of the building are representations of the four seraphim in mosaic, originally called archangels, but now named Abubekr, Omar, Osman and Ali.

The original site of the altar and pulpit have been altered, being now placed in a southeastern direction (toward Mecca); and the pulpit is adorned with two flags as a sign of the triumph of Mahometanism over Judaism and Christianity.

Nothing now remains of the original altar, and all the more valuable articles in the church were distributed by Sultan Mahomed among his troops at the capture of Constantinople in 1453.

WORLD'S LARGEST SOUP KITCHEN.

The Brussels soup kitchen organized by the London Commission for Relief is now undoubtedly the very largest in the world. Nearly fifty thousand people entirely destitute wait in the "bread lines" every day, and over six thousand gallons of soup and four thousand kilogrammes of bread are daily distributed to them. Unlike the "bread lines" I have seen in America, these are all people of one nationality, and all with a common and undeserved misfortune. Some are transients, it is true, but the large majority are people of Brussels. As one of the canteen directors said:

"They are of all classes, but we know none of them save by number, because no matter what their station or the extent of their misfortune, they still have *l'amour propre*, and many of them if they were compelled to write their names on coupons when they get the soup would rather starve than take it."

The soup for those pitiful flotsam and jetsam of war is all prepared in the large storehouse of the International Express Company Van Gand. More than one hundred people are engaged in this work. Among them are former chefs of some of the leading hotels of Brussels, who give directions as to the kind and quality of the soup, its ingredients, and their proportions. Under them are those who clean the vegetables—potatoes, carrots, beans, etc.—and prepare the meat. This entire staff is composed of volunteers, except the chefs, who receive at the most half a crown a day.

From three o'clock in the morning, when the cooking of the first five thousand gallons of soup is started, the scene in the circus-like storehouse of the Express Company is one of tremendous activity, with the moving figures of the one hundred white-clad chefs, the fires ablaze under scores of immense cauldrons—all dimly seen through the shifting clouds of pungent steam rising from the boiling soup.

When the soup is cooked it is sent, under the seals of the Commission and under the protection of the American flag, in large lorries to the twenty-one canteens, scattered all over Brussels. These canteens were formerly schools, dance halls, Turkish baths, etc. During the morning, wherever one goes, women and children may be seen coming and going with pitchers of steaming soup and their ration of bread under their arms.

While Brussels is being fed, the one hundred trained hands at the soup kitchen start preparing vegetables and meat for the next day. It keeps them busy. On December 24 the staff had to prepare for Christmas—which was a normal day so far as this work is concerned, although the director told me rather pathetically that he was trying to make "*une soupe de fête*"—the following: 1,000 pounds of potatoes, 1,800 pounds of meat, 2,400 pounds of *coleus* and carrots, 1,000 pounds of onions, 1,000 pounds of South Carolina rice, and 1,000 pounds of *noodles* made from American flour.

IMITATION GOLD TEETH



Gold plated tooth, shape made so that it will fit any teeth. Price, 5c., postpaid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



GLASS SCOPES. This popular novelty is made of blown glass, and is to be filled with water. It then becomes a powerful magnifier suitable for enlarging any small object to an extraordinary size. Can be carried in the vest pocket. Price, 3c. each by mail postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

JAPANESE TRICK KNIFE.

You can show the knife and instantly draw it across your finger, apparently cutting deep into the flesh. The red blood appears on the blade of the knife, giving a startling effect to the spectators. The knife is removed and the finger is found in good condition. Quite an effective illusion. Price 10c. each by mail. FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

SMALL COLLAPSIBLE PENCILS. The name is a joke. It looks small enough while it is hanging on your watch-charm, and it is very handsome in design, prettily nickelized, and very compact. But just hand the end of it to your friend, and it begins to telescope until he imagines there is no end to it. Besides its ability to make fun, it is a good useful pencil, too. Price, 15c. each, by mail, postpaid.

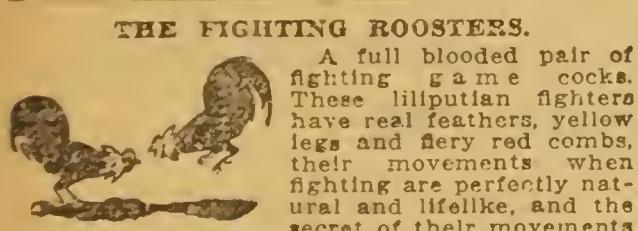
WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



VANISHING COINS.—A coin held in the palm of the hand is made to vanish when the hand is closed. Only one hand used. No practice required. Wonderful effect. Price, 25c. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

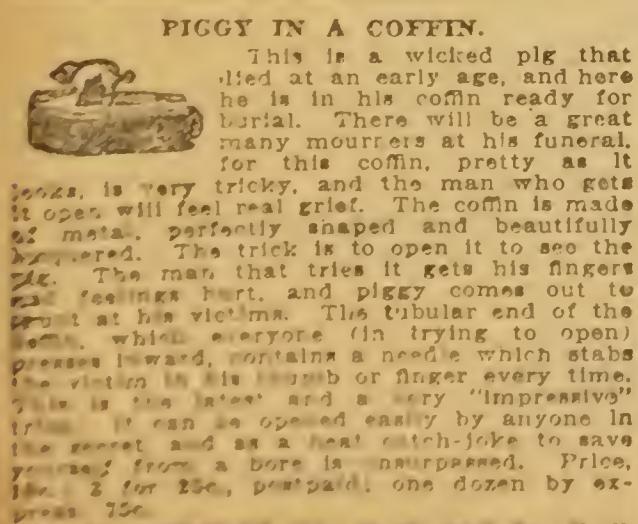


APPEARING BILLIARD BALL.—A solid billiard ball, beautifully made, can be made to appear in the bare hands with the sleeves rolled back to elbows. Very fine and easy to do. Price, 35c. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



THE FIGHTING ROOSTERS. A full blooded pair of fighting game cocks. These lilliputian fighters have real feathers, yellow legs and fiery red combs, their movements when fighting are perfectly natural and lifelike, and the secret of their movements is known only to the operator, who can cause them to battle with each other as often and as long as desired. Independent of their fighting proclivities they make very pretty mantel ornaments. Price for the pair in a strong box, 10c.; 3 pairs for 25c. by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



PIGGY IN A COFFIN. This is a wicked pig that died at an early age, and here he is in his coffin ready for burial. There will be a great many mourners at his funeral, for this coffin, pretty as it is, is very tricky, and the man who gets it open will feel real grief. The coffin is made of metal, perfectly shaped and beautifully worked. The trick is to open it to see the pig. The man that tries it gets his fingers caught, and piggy comes out to eat at his victim. The tubular end of the coffin, which everyone (in trying to open) pushes inward, contains a needle which stabs the victim in the thumb or finger every time. This is the "secret" and a very "impressive" trick. It can be opened easily by anyone in the secret and as a real catch-joke to save yourself from a bore is unsurpassed. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c., postpaid. One dozen by express, 75c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE HELLO PUZZLE



Can you get the ring off? This puzzle is the latest creation of Yankee ingenuity. Apparently it is the easiest thing in the world to remove the ring from the block, but it takes hours of study to discover the trick, unless you know how it is done. Price by mail, postpaid, 10c.; 3 for 25c. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE SURPRISE FOUNTAIN PEN



A novelty of the greatest merit! It looks just like a genuine fountain pen. But it isn't. That's where the joke comes in. If you take off the cover, a nice, ripe, juicy lemon appears. Then you give the friend you lend it to the merry "ha-ha." You might call it an everlasting joke because you can use it over and over again. Price, by mail, postpaid, 10c. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE MYSTIC RING.



A Brand-New Trick, Just Out.—Puzzling, Mystifying and Perplexing. A metal ring is handed around for examination, and is found to be solid, unbroken japanned iron. A cane, a pencil or a string is held tightly at each end by a spectator. The performer lightly taps the cane with the ring, and the ring suddenly is seen to be encircling the cane. How did the ring pass the spectator's two hands and get on the cane? The most mystifying trick ever invented. Others charge 75 cents for this trick; but our price, including instruction, is 12c., postpaid. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

IMITATION CUT FINGER.



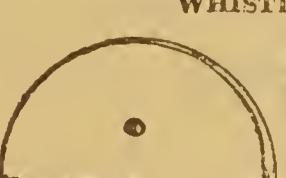
a look of pain. You will get nothing but sympathy until you give them the laugh. Then duck! Price, 10c., postpaid. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

NORWEGIAN MOUSE.



A very large gray mouse, measuring 8 inches from tip of nose to end of tail. The body of mouse is hollow. Place your first finger in his body, and then by moving your finger up and down, the mouse appears to be running up your sleeve. Enter a room where there are ladies, with the mouse running up your sleeve, and you will see a rapid scattering of the fair sex. Many practical jokes can be perpetrated with this small rodent. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c. mailed, postpaid. FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

WHISTLEPHONE



This is one of the greatest musical instruments ever invented. It is made entirely of metal and is almost invisible when in use. With it, in a few moments, you can learn to play all kinds of tunes, have lots of fun, please and amuse your friends and make some money, too. Fine for either song or piano accompaniment or by itself alone. You place the whistlephone in the mouth with half circle out, place end of tongue to rounded part and blow gently as if to cool the lips. A few trials will enable one to play any tune or air.

Price 6 cents each by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE HIDEOUS SPIDER.



Fun for everybody with one of these handsome brutes. His body is 3 inches long, beautifully enamelled green, with white ridges, yellow speckles, bulging eyes, and a big red mouth. He is armed with six legs and two upright feelers, made of flexible spiral springs. A dark, invisible thread attached to his body lets you shake him in the air before your friends' eyes, when the legs wiggle in a most natural, lifelike manner. Guaranteed to make any lady howl and to scare the bravest hero on earth out of his boots.

Price by mail, 10c. each.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

Ride a RANGER

1915 Model
bicycle and know you have the best. Buy a machine you can prove before accepting. DELIVERED FREE on approval and 30 days' trial. NO EXPENSE to you if, after trial you do not wish to keep it. LOW FACTORY COST, great improvements and values never before equalled. WRITE TODAY for our big catalog showing our complete line of 1915 bicycles, TIRES, sundries and parts, and learn the wonderful new offers and terms we will give you. Auto and Motorcycle Supplies at factory to user prices. Do not buy until you know what we can do for you. A postal card brings everything. MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. B 188 CHICAGO

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\$1570 in Stage Money for 10c. Get a bunch of Stage Greenbacks (not counterfeits), wrap them around your own roll and show your friends what a wad you carry. Big bunch of \$1570 FOR 10 CENTS. ENTERPRISE CO. TW-3848 LOWE AVE., CHICAGO

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Nickel-plate 5 in. long Pat'l. Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury. Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any liquid. No cartridges required. Over six shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 25c. Pistol with rubber-covered holster, 20c. Holsters separate, 10c. Send money order or U. S. stamps. PARKER, STEARNS & CO., 273 Georgia Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOY'S BASEBALL OUTFIT consisting of a black leather centre horsehide cover ball, and a Boston style cap, gray athletic flannel, trimmed in navy blue; given free for selling 20 packages Bluing at 10 cents each. Write CLOVER PREMIUM CO., 22 Bartlett Street, Winter Hill, Mass.

ASTHMA

REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send \$1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. W. K. Sterline, 837 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio.

A Base Ball Jersey Without a Cent of Cost to You I give you a very fine pure wool sweater; double collar and cuffs, your choice of color. Just handle for me your club's spring order for baseball goods—at special discount, and this jersey is yours. Send for complete catalog of my best grade sporting goods at wholesale prices—basketball, baseball, tennis, golf, etc. Write me now. JACK SHANNON CO., Dept. 25, 54 E. Monroe St., Chicago.

300 SONGS 10c.

ON MOONLIGHT BAY; I'd Love to Live in Loveland; If You Talk in Your Sleep; Oh Mr. Dream Man; Everybody's Doin' It; When I Was 21 and You Were Sweet 16; Is it Very Far to Heaven; After the Honeymoon; I'm Going Back to Dixie; Alexander's Ragtime Band; Oh You Beautiful Doll; Casey Jones; Grizzly Bear; Red Wing; They Always Pick on Me; Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet; Steamboat Bill; Let Me Call You Sweetheart; Rossa Bring Dreams of You; Silver Bell; Billy; Mysterious Rag etc. OVER 300 Latest Song Hits & 10 pieces PIANO MUSIC for 10c. Enterprise Music Co., 3348 Lowe Ave., Chicago

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WATCH FOB. Exactly like illustration. The latest fob out. Has bewitching little figure of Miss "September Morn" handsomely embossed on heavy metal plate. Beautiful oxidized silver finish. Size of medal 1 1/4 x 1 1/4. Genuine black leather strap. Boys, a real work of art. Classy, alluring. Makes 'em all take notice. Agents wanted everywhere. Dandy sample fob and our great easy money proposition to hustlers sent Postpaid 25 cents.

NOVEL JEWELRY CO., 144 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y.

SEE-SAW PUZZLE.



The most absorbing puzzle seen for years. The kind you sit up half the night to do. The puzzle is to get both balls, one in each pocket.

Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid.
WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



SURPRISE PERFUME BOTTLE.

Those in the joke may freely smell the perfume in the bottle, but the uninitiated, on removing the cork will receive the contents in his hands. This is a simple and clever joke.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c.

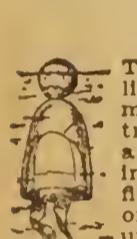
H. F. LANG,
1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE LITTLE GEM TELEPHONE.



The transmitter in this telephone is made from the best imported parchment; with ordinary use will last a long time; can be made in any length by adding cord; the only real telephone for the money; each one put up in a neat box; fully illustrated, with full directions how to use them. Price, 12c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



JAPANESE DIVER

The strangest toy on the market. They are made in Japan and look like a little red mandarin. Each manikin is furnished with a cartridge to which a pair of legs are attached. By making two pin-holes in the cartridge, attaching it to the figure, and immersing it in a glass of water the little figure will dart up and down for an hour like a real diver. Price, by mail, 25 cents each, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

RAVELLING JOKE.

Yards upon yards of laughs. Don't miss it! Everyone falls for this one. It consists of a nice little bobbin around which is wound a spool of thread. You pin the bobbin under the lapel of your coat, and pull the end of the thread through your button hole, then watch your friends try to pick the piece of thread off your coat. Enough said! Get one! Price, 12c. each, by mail. Postage stamps taken same as money.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

X-RAY WONDER

This is a wonderful little optical illusion. In use, you apparently see the bones in your hand, the hole in a pipe-stem, the lead in a pencil, etc. The principle on which it is operated cannot be disclosed here, but it will afford no end of fun for any person who has one. Price, 15 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

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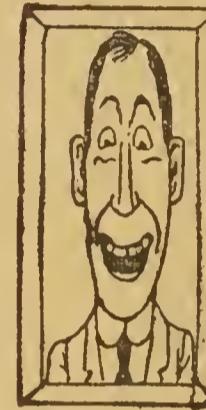
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